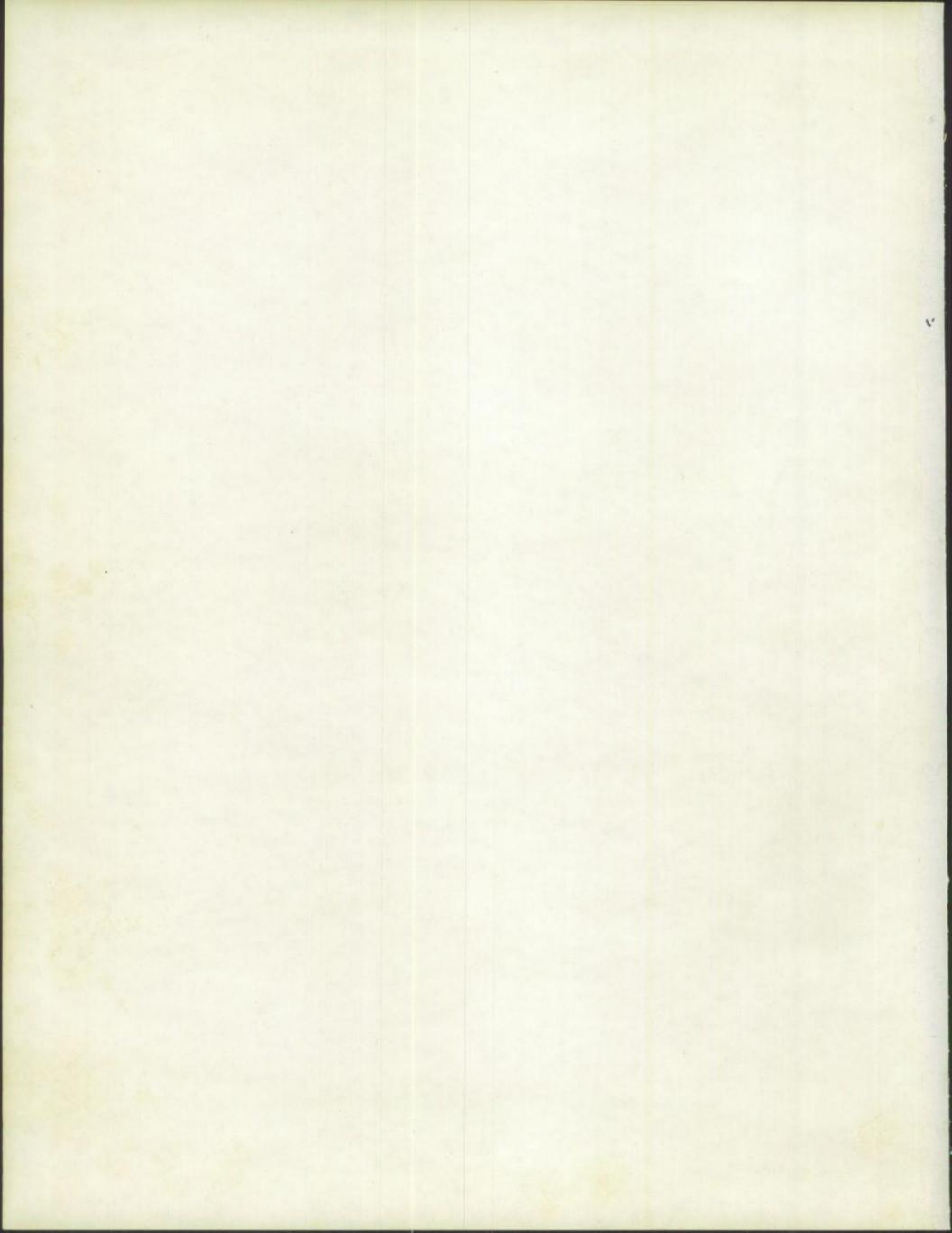
Groton School Yearbook



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Hayol K. Howless 命命命



Groton School 1980

Dedication



Robert Gul

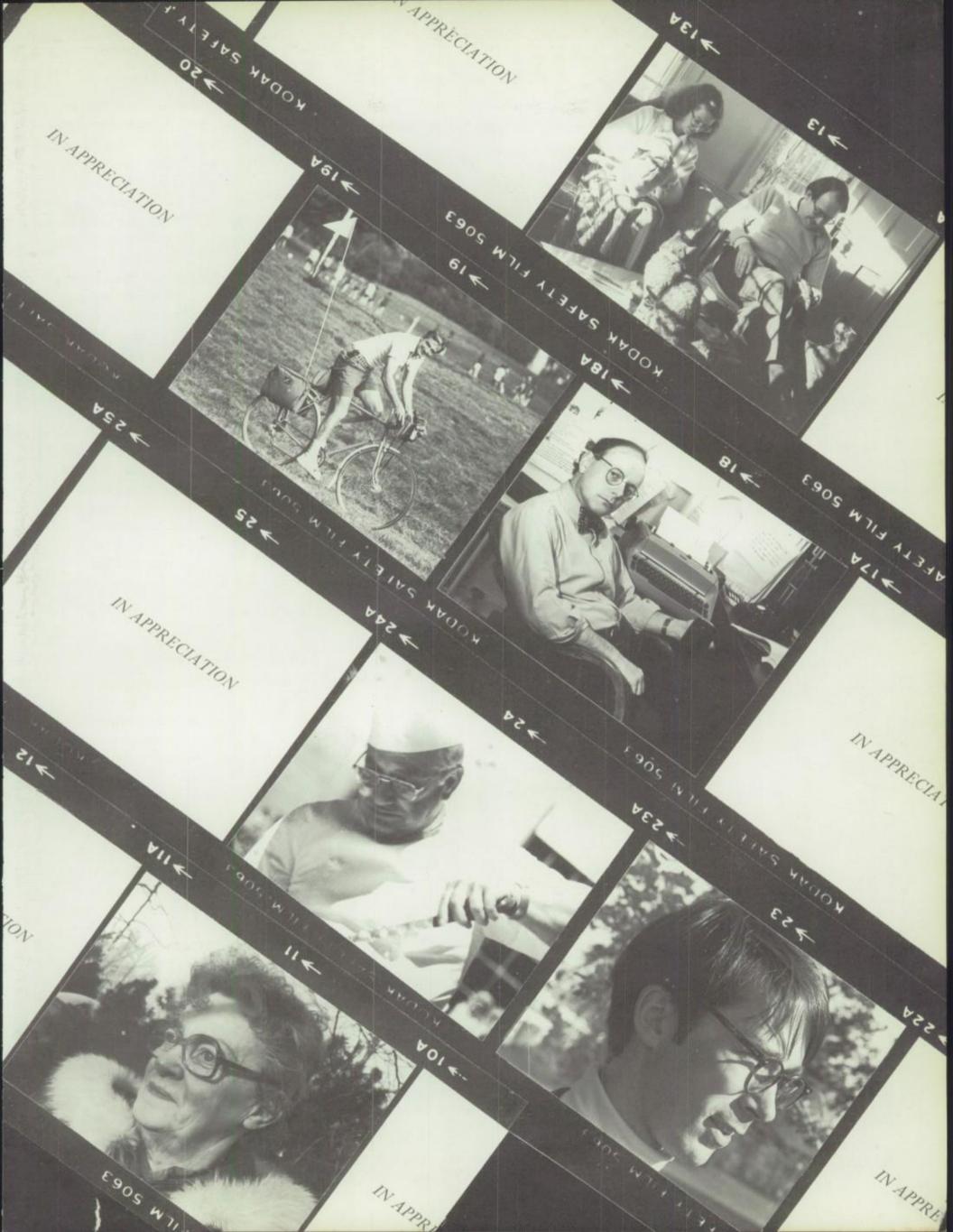


John Congleton

I have felt an unusual closeness to and rapport with you ever since you first arrived here five years ago. You were my first Second Form dorm, and a wonderfully happy one at that. You maintained your high spirits in the Third Form dormitory, where although our contact was unofficial, we certainly saw a lot of each other, particularly in the winter and spring. Your Fourth Form English section was the first—and perhaps only—division to get me outside for a class. You constituted my first Latin IV class. And, in addition, we have been together in Third and Sixth Form English, in Greek I, in Latin I and II, in Mythology, and in Logic...as well as in many ad hoc encounters.

Indeed, from such contact, I shall feel an almost proprietary delight as I watch you graduate in June. These have been good years for Groton, and this past year has been one of the best. The felicity of the year has been largely due to your class, for you have brought with you both a seriousnaess of academic commitment and a refreshing good cheer, and it is these two qualities in particular that I will long remember. Let it be said that Groton was a better place for the Class of 1980.

Thank you very much for this dedication. It means a great deal to me. Certainly a great deal more than I will try to express here and embarrass us both. I returned this fall somewhat hesitantly from a great sabbatical only to happily find that not only was the School in great shape, but that the class of 1980 had developed into such a well balanced and diversified group. Maybe teachers aren't supposed to have favorites, but you will always be one of my favorite classes. From American Government and the football field to helping cope with Carrie at meals, you have been the kind of friends that make teaching in a school like Groton such a rewarding experience. For those of us who survived the 1970's at Groton, you have left a very good memory, and for those forms that will follow you in the 1890's you have set the highest of standards. You will change in the years ahead and so will Groton, but you are both better off for having known each other. Thank you again for this dedication, from one of your greatest admirers.



Form History



A diverse group of boys, from distant lands, Saudi Arabia, South Africa, and Scarsdale, gathered in Brooks House to make up the meager beginnings of our form. The first day of classes brought the challenges of Mitchell English and Myers Latin. At night, Humper read bedtime

stories and we wondered if we had really left home.

We were continuously bombarded with blackmarks for hacking, calling prefects fags, and leaving pajamas under pillows. We quickly became pro-

fessional scamps and demons trying to get in everyone's hair. Mr. Gula was a wonderful stabilizing force—sheer fear of him kept us silent for

days. Nelson Howe faced death at age 13 for saying "damn". Study Hall was upstairs in the schoolhouse — this gradually deteriorated into folly, with three kids in every room and no master on duty. Our un-



restrained aquatic antics eventually got us shoved into the traditionail schoolroom, replete with chairs. All of us except Gus, John, and Brownie played second club football and lost the one game. James

and Kevin swindled the form by becoming student center middlemen for the lethargic class. D.T, won the competition with an abstract pumpkin and, carried away with his own creativity, tried to make a

new historical attraction—the Brooks House geyser.

On winter weekend, many of us stayed and pulled a juvenile all-nighter. Vincent surprised us all by washing with a variety of spray cans. Gus, Dan,

and Ted followed Hastings everywhere and clung to his every falsehood. We took numerous field trips to various abandoned lots around the State. One evening Anita took us to Boston to see Alvin Ailey. John and



council.

Nelson decided to wander about. The Common at 1:00 am. We returned so late that we all failed the first Flitch test. Our newly elected officers Tim, Brownie and James, pleaded for round toilet paper before the student



Mr. Gula did everything for us—popcorn, birthday parties, trips into town in the everlasting yellow duster. He was our communal papa. He and Nelson sparred constantly with one another, even Streaker occasion-

ally fell prey to the ravings of this madman.

In the spring we had the thrill of our lives. After parlor with the O'Briens', D.T. spotted several youths placing a bicycle in a car trunk. As we ran towards



them, they took off. Muffin "Barretta" O'Brien zoomed away in hot pursuit, but the theives eluded the courageous vigilante. The young crime busters spoke to a Groton constable. The thieves were Groton School dishwashers! At the end of the year we lost Vincent and Robbie, but the people we really wanted to lose were still here.







The fall of our Third Form year began with a division between the new girls sequestered in Hundred House and the boys in Brooks House. But once there came unity and harmony, the very essence of our Form was created, and we could continue the year in peace.

We socialized weekly at parlors that were held at the Cox's throughout fall term. Mr. Flory was the Brooks House dorm master and he seemed like a "nice guy"..whenever he was around. Miss Tottenham frightened us at first, but soon enough we were calling her Mama Totts.

Dimitri Turin brought with him a wildpast and a Russian accent. He amused and confused many of us, and he didn't feel bound to Groton's contraining code of ethics. The cost of this independence was freedom. Another student, Dan Gerard never did quite fathom Groton life and left before the end of the term:





Cook and Canevaro took advantage of their natural leadership abilities and led the late night hack attacks. Sabrina was usually among the practical jokers who spread toothpaste on the toilet seats, started water fights, short-sheeted beds, and hid matresses. Roofball was another distraction. If someone's buns were in trouble, the two safety valves, Harry and John Gannon, were called on. Occasionally Mr. Holden would play—and lose. Then everybody had fun tossing at his buns, especially the third team football players, riled over the snake drill.

On rainy Saturdays, some of the boys would end up in the girls' dorm and clean them out of popcorn and hot chocolate. It was the only time they got to snack, because the ghost never gave them a single feed.

We did go to classes as well; some unfortunates suffered through Deep Gene for Bib Stud, while A section competed with Z section in Miss Tottenham's classes. In biology lab, Dimitri liberated a few snakes, some of which were never found. In art class Ned started clay throwing contests to see who could break the most pottery.

and Warren, in a rare burst of creativity, painted Pooh.

Third team football won its first game in two years when Sean Smith caught a late fourth quarter pass to nip Brooks. Third team hockey could claim a winning season since they won their only game.

During the last month of fall term, we saw less and less of Mr. Cox. He gave a brave chapel talk one morning and told the School that he had a type of leukemia. His courage and determination were remarkable in his fight against cancer during the following months. The school felt the effects of his illness by his increased abscence at daily school functions. During the next two terms the School was in effect without a headmaster and morale was low.

With winter term came a lot of excess energy. Boxing became popular in the Brooks House hall. Although he missed his opponent, Rusty Post managed to knock a large section of the wall down and walk away with only a broken wrist. There were pizza feeds at the swamp, and Streaker pioneered modest streaking past Tottie's





dorm; and of course the infamous Great Hack, an event so great that it was to be told frequently throughout the next year to our new formmates.

Snow kept coming, even as late as May, when we were all in the midst of perfecting our athletic skills. The lacrosse jocks carefully aimed their sticks, the country club baseball players had brought out their gloves long ago, and a herd foresaw their crew careers, and others lolled around playing tennis.

Of course, the spring afforded many opportunities for free recreation. Water pistols, basin skipping, skateboard rallies and stickball became arts to be perfected or religions to be revered.

No one particularily felt like working. Bio projects took a lot of time for some, and for others it took one night—all night. Some even had trouble with Miss Tottenham's Bible exam. We all got together on the last Sunday for a form picnic at Harvey's Rec., celebrating our departure from the Lower School.

On Prize Day. Mr, Cox impressed us with his strength. He managed to speak and shake hands with us all. It was the last time we were to see him.





With the beginning of fall came twenty-four new members to our form. The admissions office had done its job—there were singers, actors, and future prefects, and even a few who were athletically involved, to add to the fountain of plenty that was already here. The new girls began their seach for the good-looking preppie boys that they had heard about.

Most of our efforts were focused on general row-diness, and not academics. There was a good deal of unity within the dorms. Dorm fire extinguisher fights and cries of "free soda" in Sackett's, to wild shaving cream fights with Zukowski's; all this proved was that there is life after Lower School. While those in Booth's took disco lessons from their prefects, the Unit-9ers played hockey and lacrosse in the halls, and the Oregano lovers showered Miss Zukowski with some very special gifts.

As an escape from the deluge outside, the Fourth Formers had a gong show. It featured Andy as M.C., Mike as a woman, and David Black on the bagpipes. In the end, Justine was awarded the much coveted Gong Show Award for her rendition of "Suicide is Painless".

Many of our members excelled on the playing field. Our football team showed promise, John Hastings and Rusty Post made Varsity soccer and Sally became high scorer for the field hockey.

Several faculty members managed to keep us busy. Despite her boring classes, Ms. Emery never ceased to amuse us as a lunchtime conversation piece. Mr. Holden transformed his math class into a tabernacle choir, with its own version of "Father of all, below, above,.." as its greatest hit. The grim reality of exams hit us, and we settled down to study our books.

Winter term began with snowball fights, banking, and Secret Santas. Francesca received some of the more touching gifts—a half a bottle of shampoo and a L'Eggs egg filled with dirt. Nobody could accuse John Loring of being unimaginative.

Once again on the sports scene, James made Varsity basketball, while Angie co-captained the girl's team. Adair and Mike led our form on the ice, and Elliot became the squash star. Others escaped the cold to join the production of "The Imaginary Invalid."

Long weekend seemed to have been a focus point for the rest of the term. It must have had something to do with Tim Dilworth's attempt to eat a window shade. Whatever it was, if was contagious, as twenty-two boys were put on restriction for their raids on Second and Third Form study hall. There were also many inter-dorm raids, with Jesdale's taking on the world. Others worked on projects of a more creative nature. Alice's hair was beautifully styled for the pizza man, and Jessica took on the role of mother nature for the Mardi Gras dance. At the end of the term, the

scales tipped and Rusty left for Kingswood.

In spring term, stickballing, sunporching and roofballing became our main concerns. For a real thrill we could always go looking for George's glasses at Harveys' pond. One Saturday night there was a 60's dance. The Nusbaums made their appearence in their college garb, along with Nora who was a flower child for the evening. Almost the entire school went to Boston for the Pompeii exhibit where we tried to get some culture and to lose Graziella and Justine, but we could do neither.

That spring the quick stick chicks dominated the league. Tim and Gus were co-captains of J.V. Lacrosse and we even had some crew





jocks from our form.

By the time exams came we were ready to go home but we stuck it out for a few more days. When the grades came back we realised that our best had not been good enough, and that yes, even Andy had failed a test. After Prize Day we all drowned our sorrows at the form party. The festivities turned out to be in vain, for many of us could not remember anything about them the next day. But we did manage to get home.

"So here's the Fourth Form story—You may not like it,
That's too bad,
At least it is not boring."







Fifth Form began in a blur of bloodshot eyes, No-Doz, and extensions we couldn't get. We were sorry to learn that two members of our form, Ned Piekson and Chris Canevaro, would not be back, but we were glad to welcome our new classmate, Cilla Smith.

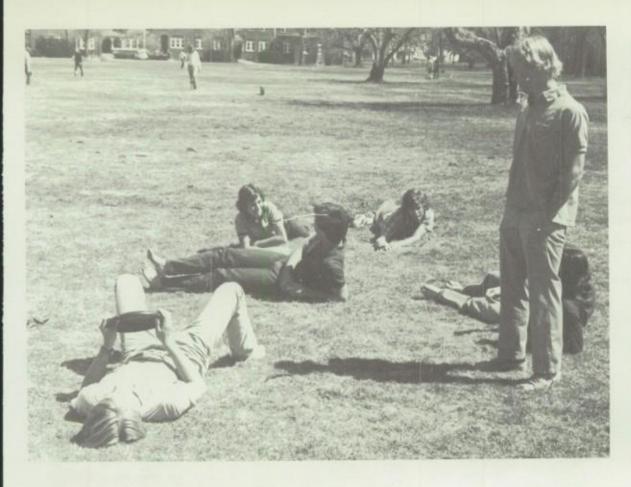
When we watched the athletic games during the year, something strange struck us: many of the starters were from our form. While some of us dove enthusiastically into the varsity teams, others put their enregies into "spaz soccer" or, better still, spectating.

We soon became used to the new headmaster Mr. Polk, whom we affectionately called "Wild Bill". As the first term drew to a close, the dismissal of John Hastings put a damper on the fall.

By mid-year we started to loosen up, and some of us realized that maybe we didn't have to do quite as much work as we had originally planned. Anne Hamel became a member of the College Board and she promised to do her best to give us all 800's on our SAT's. Many of us took up that infamous pasttime of "using tobacco", that was to haunt us for the rest of our time at Groton. On the night of the annual Mardi Gras, a swarm of terrifying proportions (the bees) descended on the festivities, alarming both man and beast. Later on in the term (speaking of terrifying) many of the School's faculty were to awake with fear in the daed of night to the sounds of K.K and Lolly serenading the pizza man.

During winter term, the talents of our form







blossomed in various directions. "Hot Boot" was the hit of the talent show, despite rumours to the contrary, and the "Not Yet Ready for Groton Players" took a close second. In a more serious made, many became involved in the Dramat's production of "The Madwoman of Chaillot". Peter, Alice, and John Hart, Racheal were the stars from our form, and went to to become the next year's Dramat officers. Other classmates chose to apply their talents below stirs and worked on the tech staff.

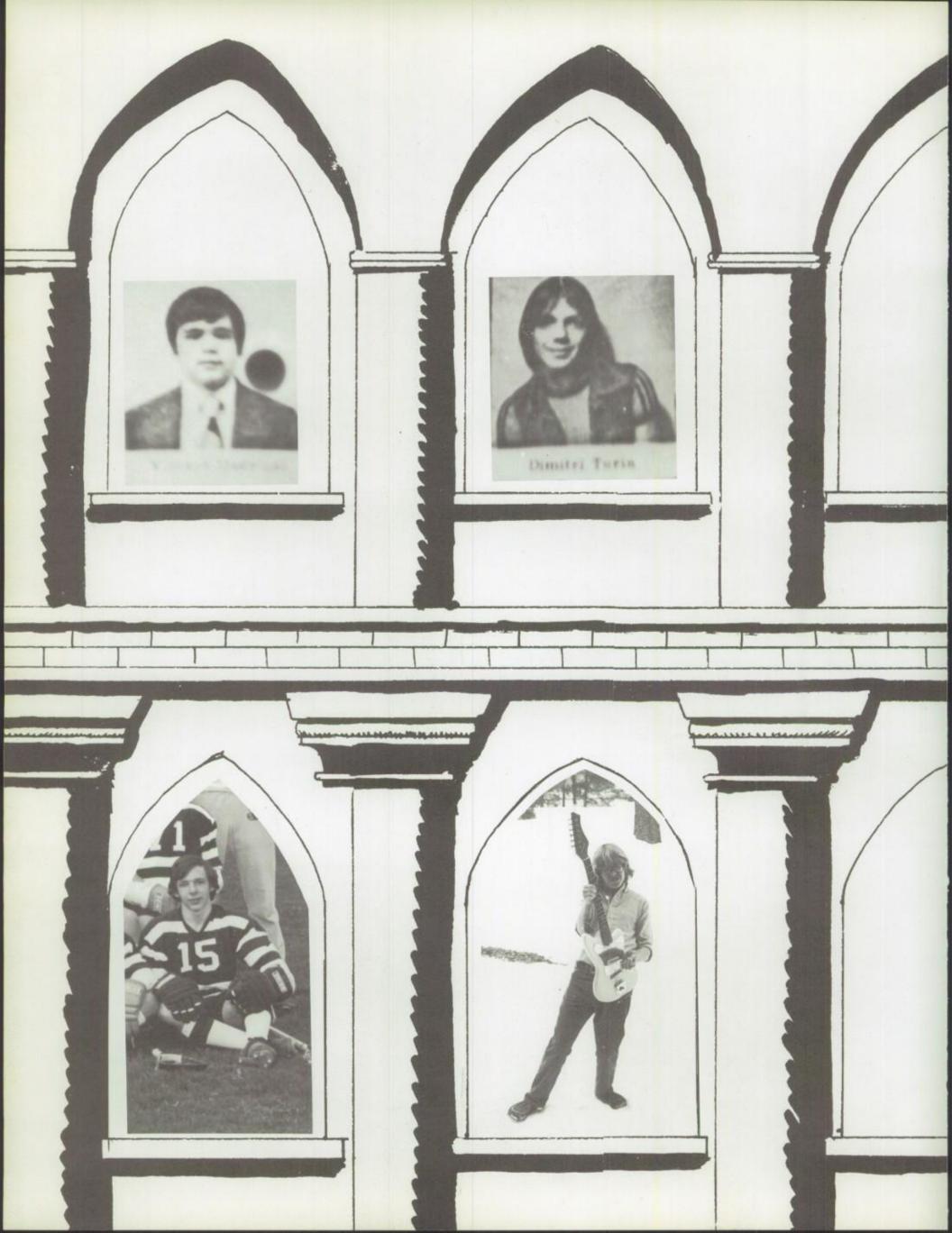
One day, towards the end of term, Mr. Polk got so sick of the cold weather, that he tried to stage an indoor barbecue in his upstairs bathroom, but it was soon discovered that the smell of smouldering plaster did, in fact, spoil the taste of the food. Despite Mr. Polk's failure at warming things up, Mother Nature didn't let us down, and spring came at last.

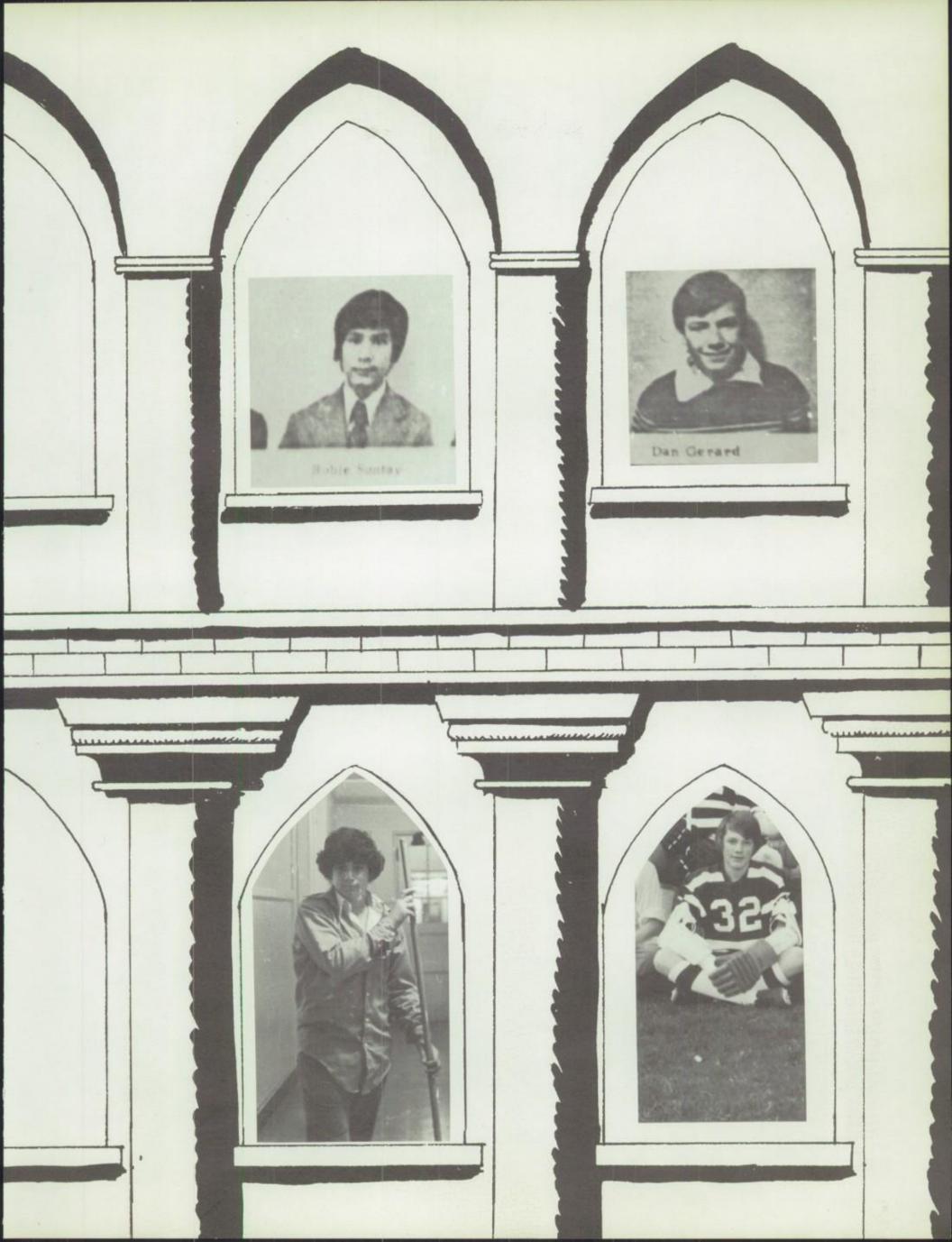
We covered the Circle, sunporch, and fields. In spite of the nauseous Nashua fumes, the crew teams were able to perfect their rowing. At "Quinnie," Nelson and Kevin coxed the boys. A and B boats to victory, and Rachel, Anne Hamel and Adair helped pull the girl's boats to first place as well.

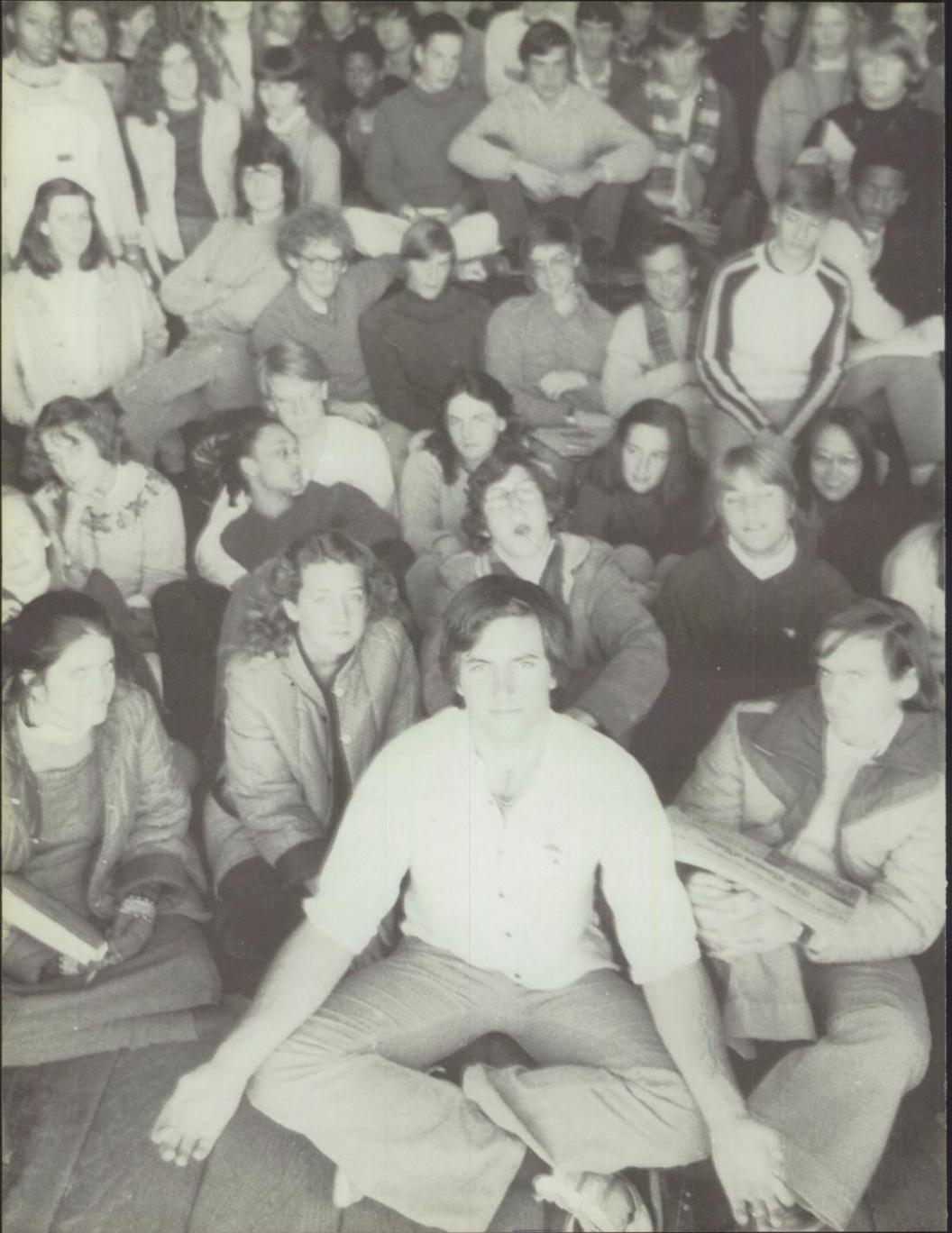
We began to fill the positions that were left open by the departing Sixth Form. After Many postponements, elections for the next year's prefects were finally held. The night before Prize Day we got carried away with the end of A.P.s, Achievements, and finals. The chain gang was late in returning to their dorms, and we gave a few seniors a chance for one last midnight jog, The next day, as we wavev farewell to the form of '79, we suddenly realized tht now we were the seniors. It was close, but we had made it.







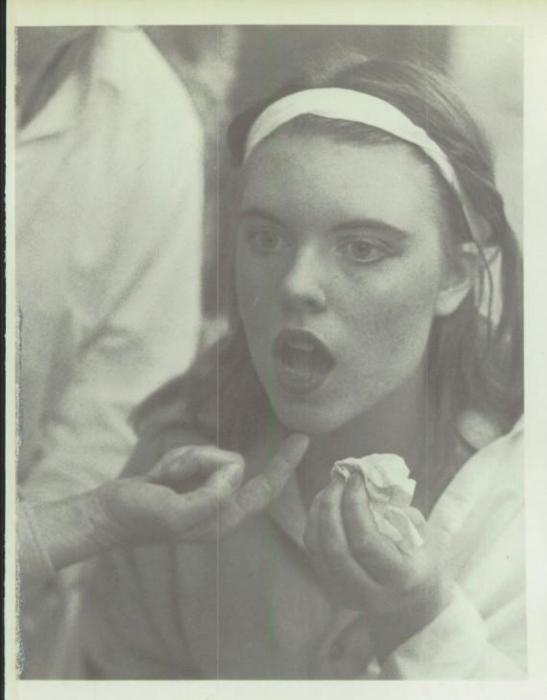






See ya in Monte Carlo

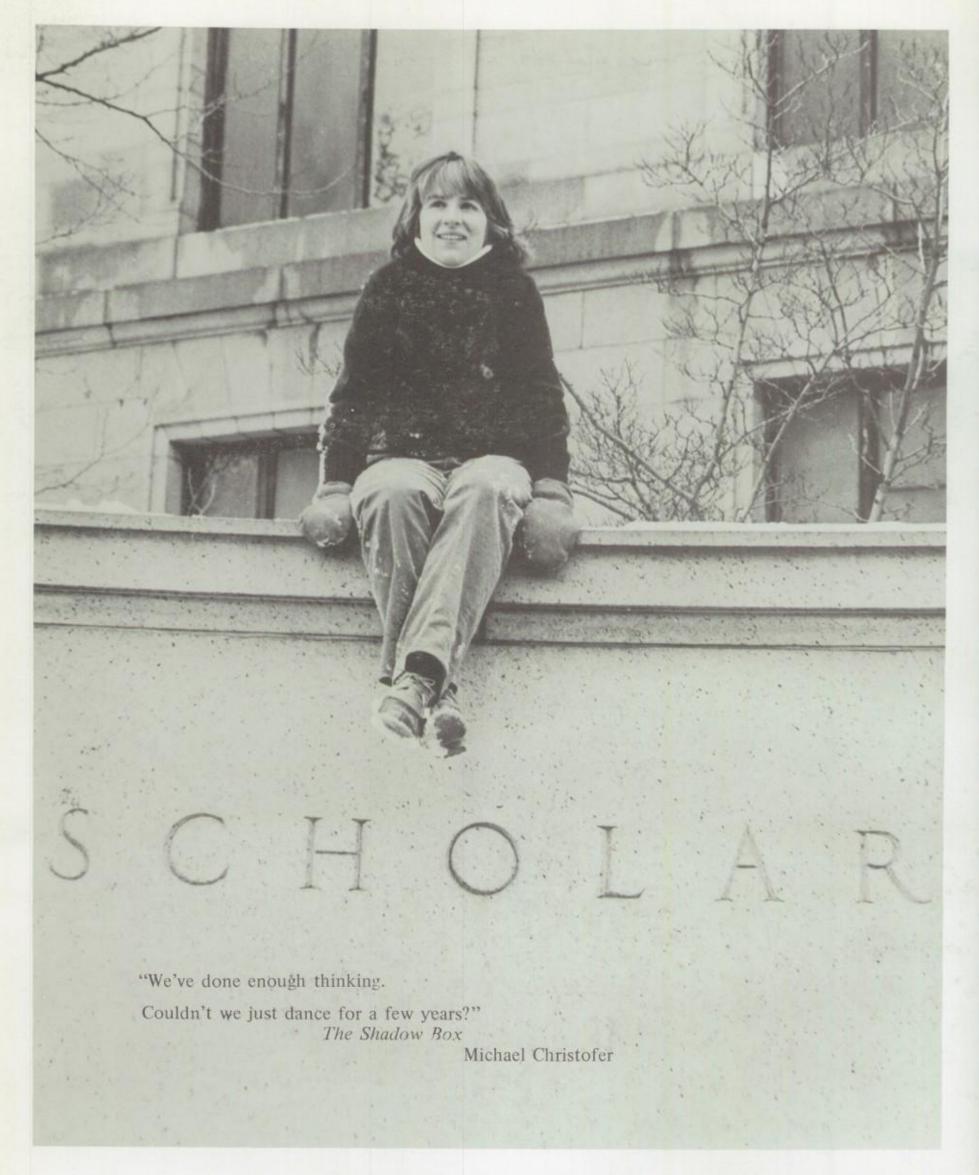








"We don't want her to take music too seriously." Real concern came into her voice. "We don't want her to become intense over something, and warped and queer. Such women are unhappy in later life. They don't," she rang the bell for tea, "they don't make good wives,"



Anne M. Hamel



Cilla Smith





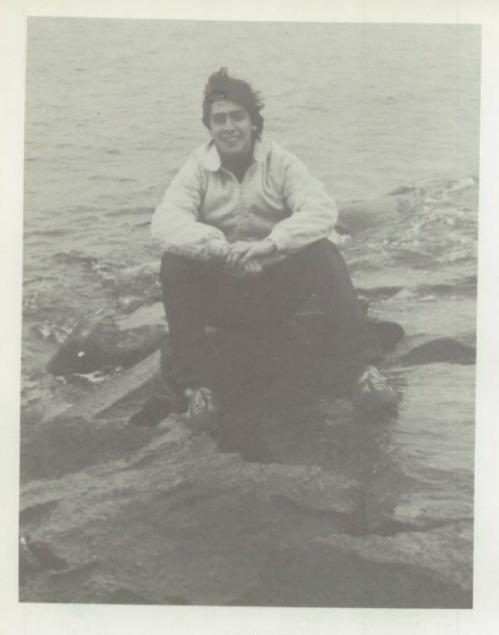






Elliot Davis

DONT BE AFRAID TO CRY AT WHAT YOU SEE HE ACTORS GONE HERE'S ONLY YOU AND ME, AND IF WE BREAK SEFORE THE DAWN THEY'LL USE UP WHAT NE USED TO BE Taft H. D. Moore



OH, "O WOW. DI RE,

"OH, WOW"?!
DID YOU
REALLY JUST
SAY "OH,
WOW"?!

"THERE IS GREAT DISORDER UNDER HEAVEN, AND THE SITU-ATION IS EXCELLENT."

HUH ?

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING. HA, HA, HA! HA, HA, HA! HEE, HEE! HEE, HEE! CAN'T HANDLE IT, HUH? BAD CRAZINESS..

0





Philip J. Meymand

Mark A. Streaker



Para mi papa y mi mama.
Por todos esos años de
Sacripicios.
Torge Eduardo.

Maria va, camino a la veyez Sin ver que dejo colgada en el perchero de un hotel la juventud

Pobre Maria

Tan ajada y vieja

-Leonardo Favio





"Yes," he agreed, "you're right I wouldn't have liked it. Still, it's hard to be a cynic at age twenty."

hard to be a cynic at age twenty."

"I was born one," Amory murmured. "I'm a cynical idealist." He paused and wondered if that meant anything.

This Side of Paradise

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Sean R. Smith

"But Larry," she smiled, "people have been asking those questions for thousands of years. If they could be answered, surely they'd have been answered by now."

Larry chuckled.

-The Razor's Edge W. S. Maugham



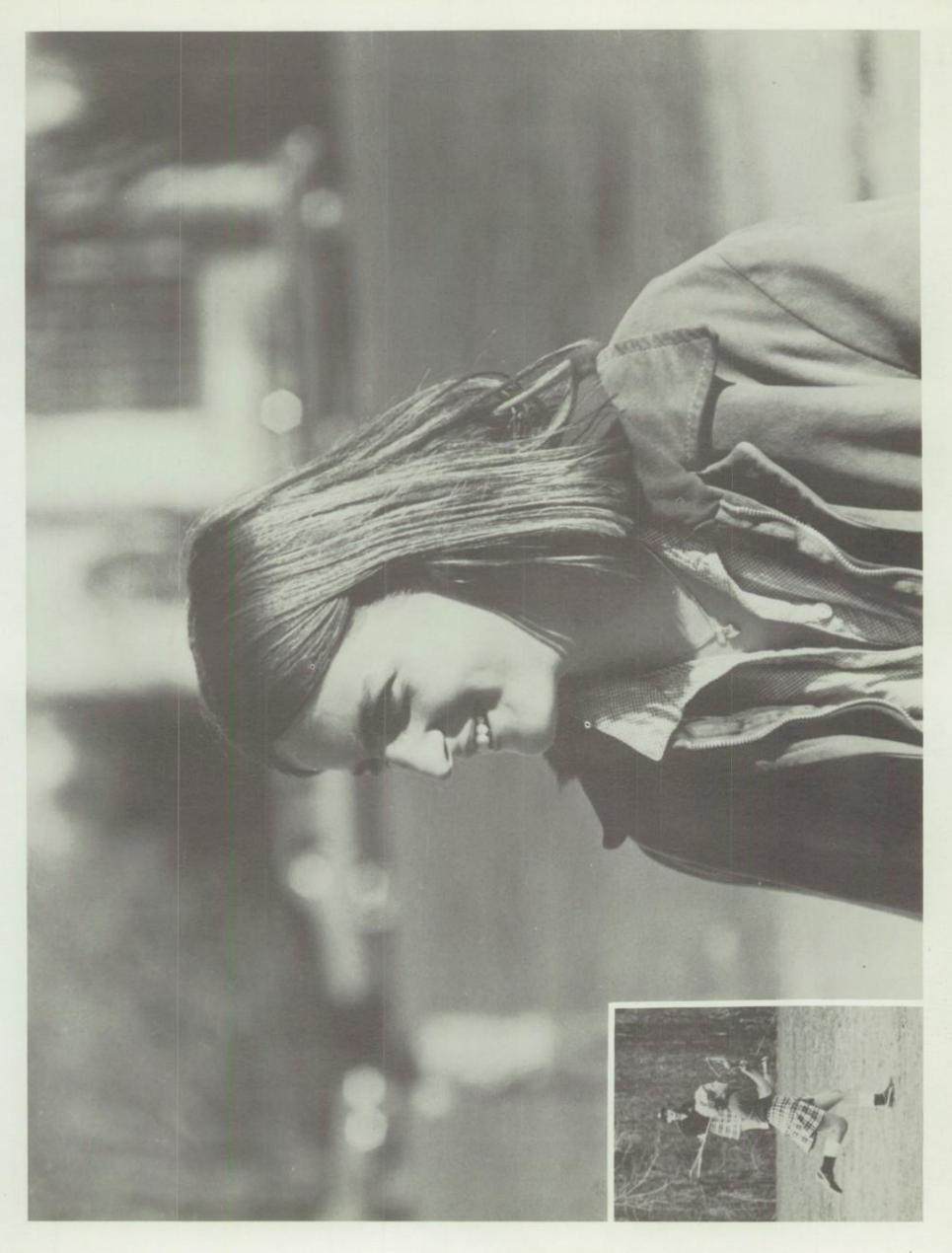


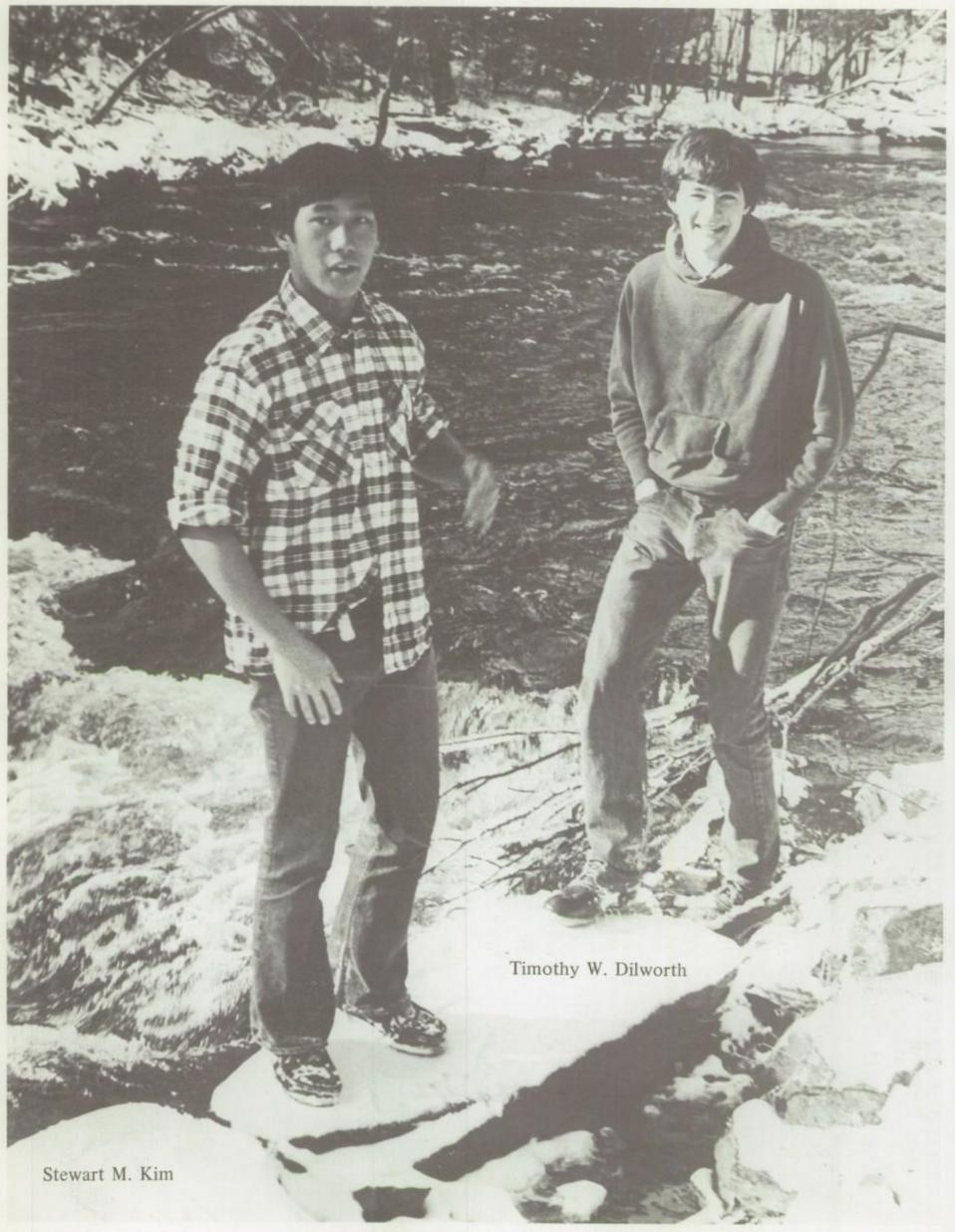
"My Dear Kepler,
What shall we make of this,
Shall we laugh or shall we cry?"



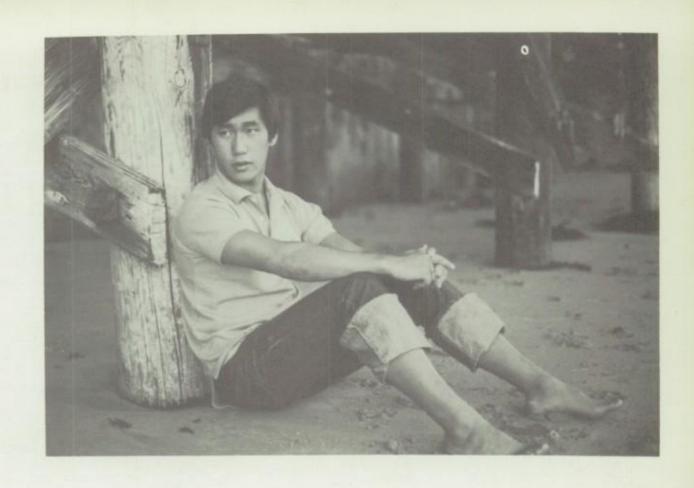


nicole W. Piasicki









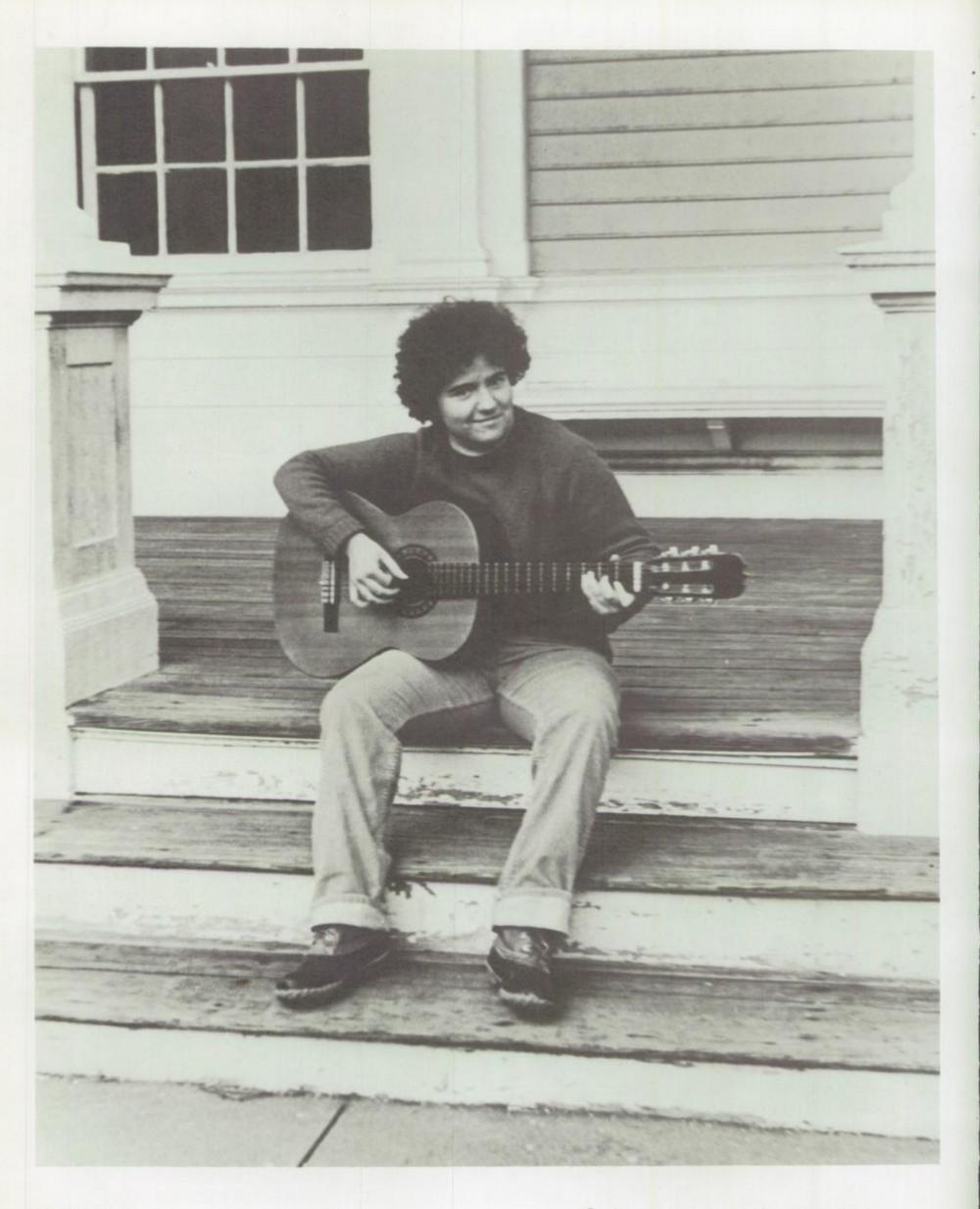












Justine Sullivan



The world is a looking glass and gives back to everyman the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it and it is a jolly kind companion; and so let all young persons make their choice.

-William Makepeace Thackary

Carolyn Kelway Libby





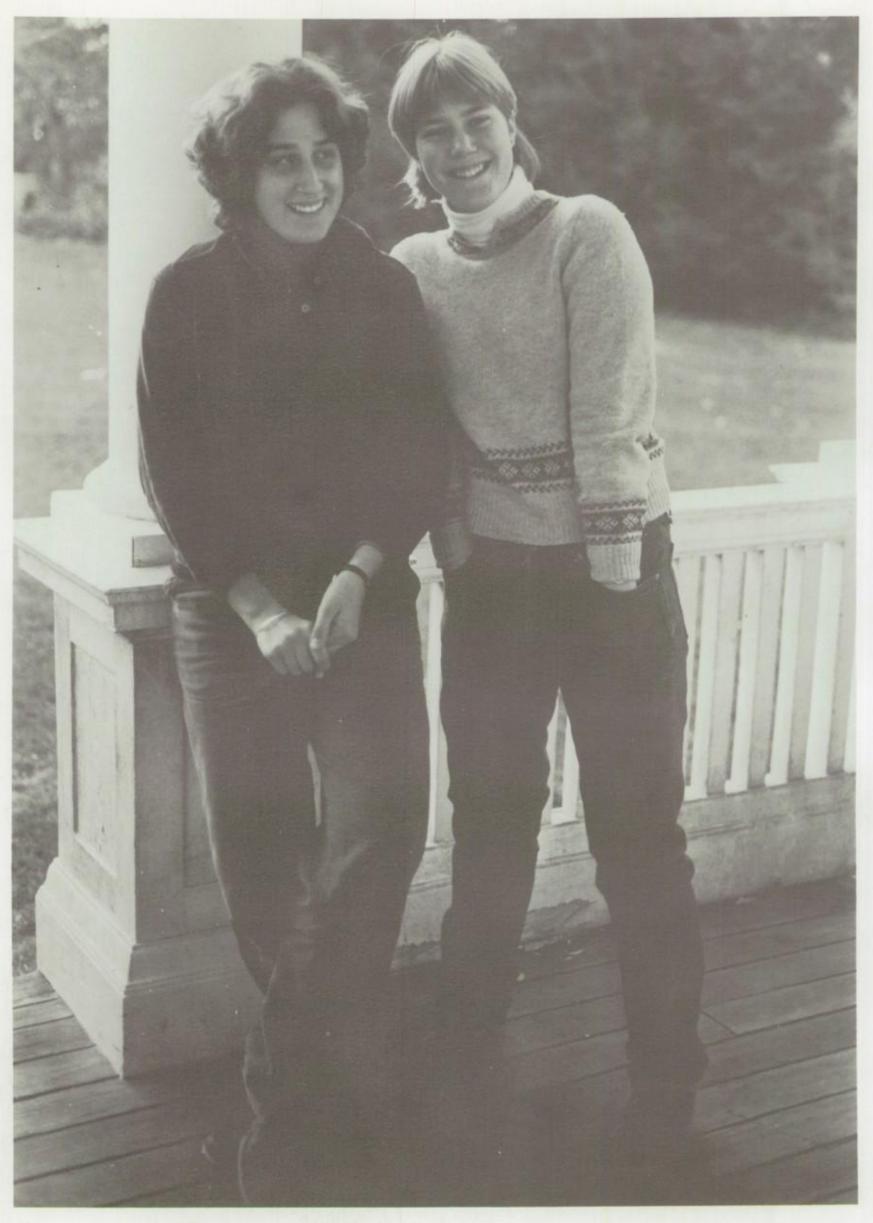
Anne D. Zetterberg

Victoria W. Smith





Susannah T. Gardiner



40 Alice V. Perera

adain Price Mali



Hope your road is a long one. May there be many summer mornings when, with what pleasure, what joy, you enter harbours you're seeing for the first time.

Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone

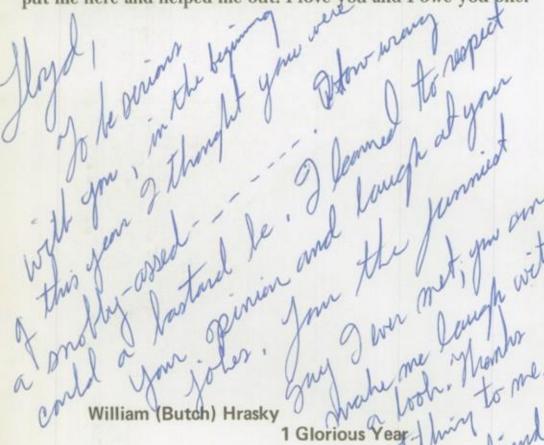
—J.M.

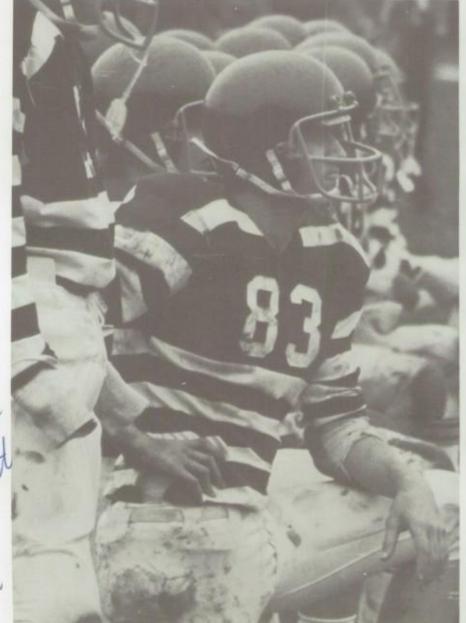




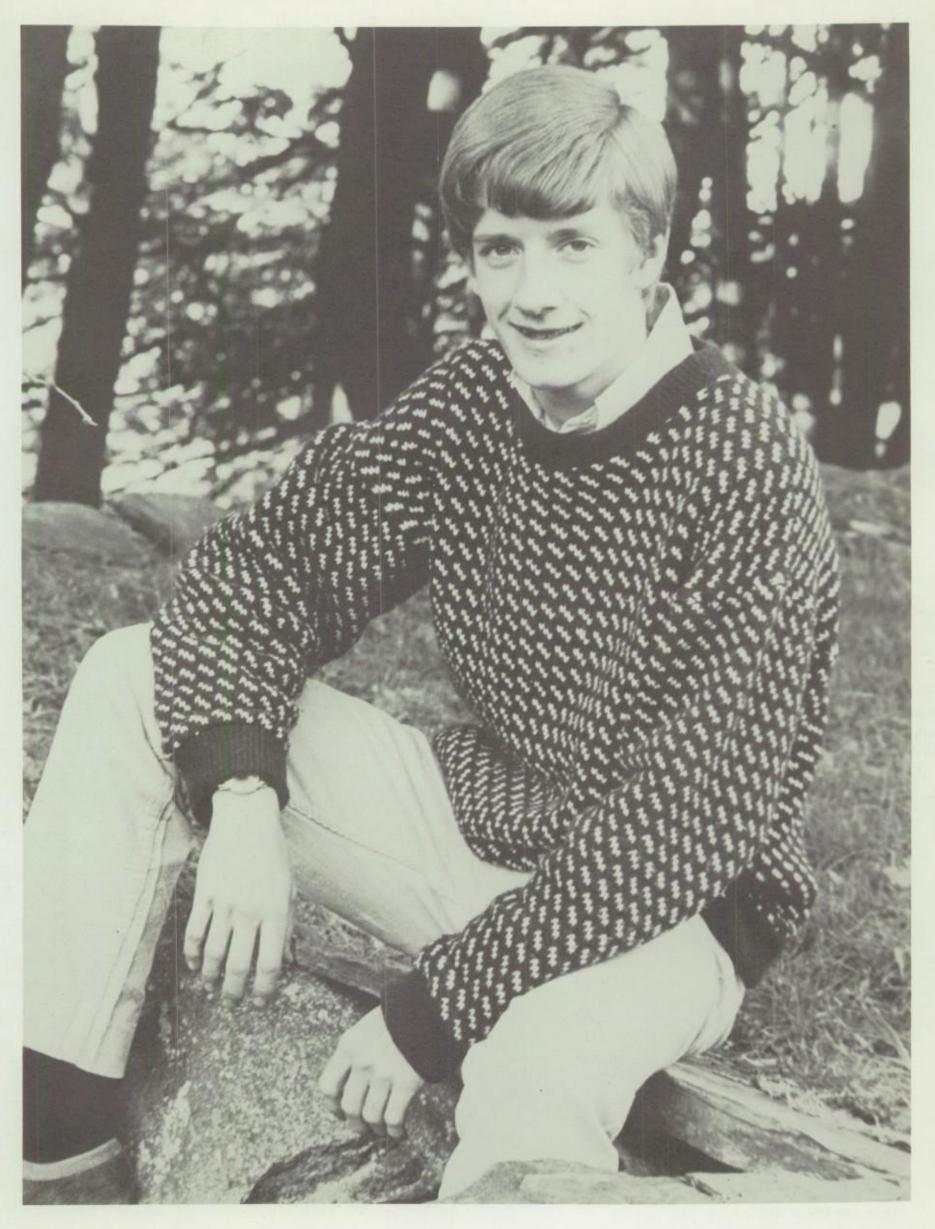


Mustaches...We all love beers...Norelco Rotary...
Wookie, Teddy, Jack, Harry, Harty, Fly, Kev-Dawg,
Hicksy, Check ya' later...Zep, Allie, Phil, take your
old double edge and ram it...Jen, Mitz, Millicent,
Brooksie, Ann, Lori, Terry, The precinct, Kojak,
Thanks and I'll see you later...Mother Ann, Jake,
Choatie, Mr. Jesdale, Mr. Tronic, Chuckles, Mrs. Bailey,
Thanks very much...O'D. It's my desk...Mom, Dad, you
put me here and helped me out. I love you and I owe you one.





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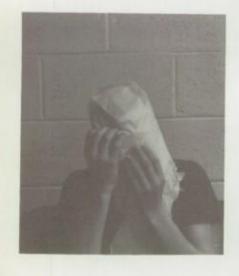


Edwin J. Wheeler Jr.

































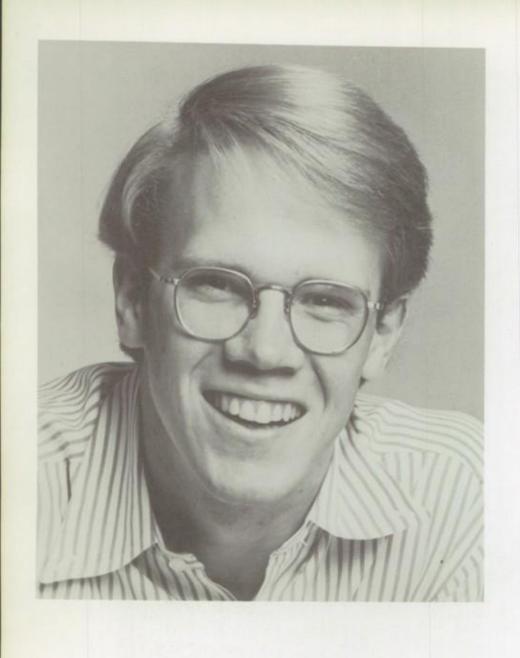
Scott Wood-Prince





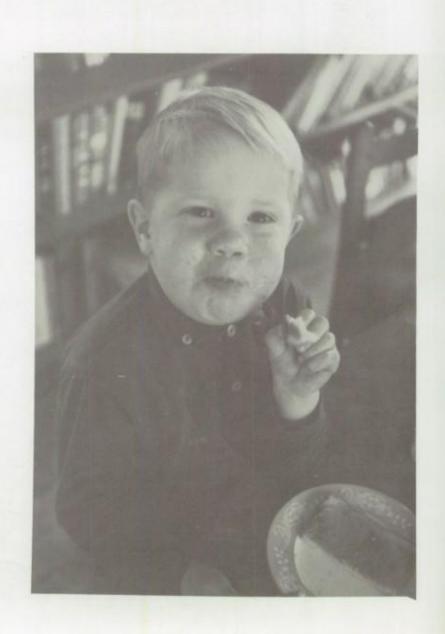
No profit grows where no pleasure is ta'en
—Shakespeare

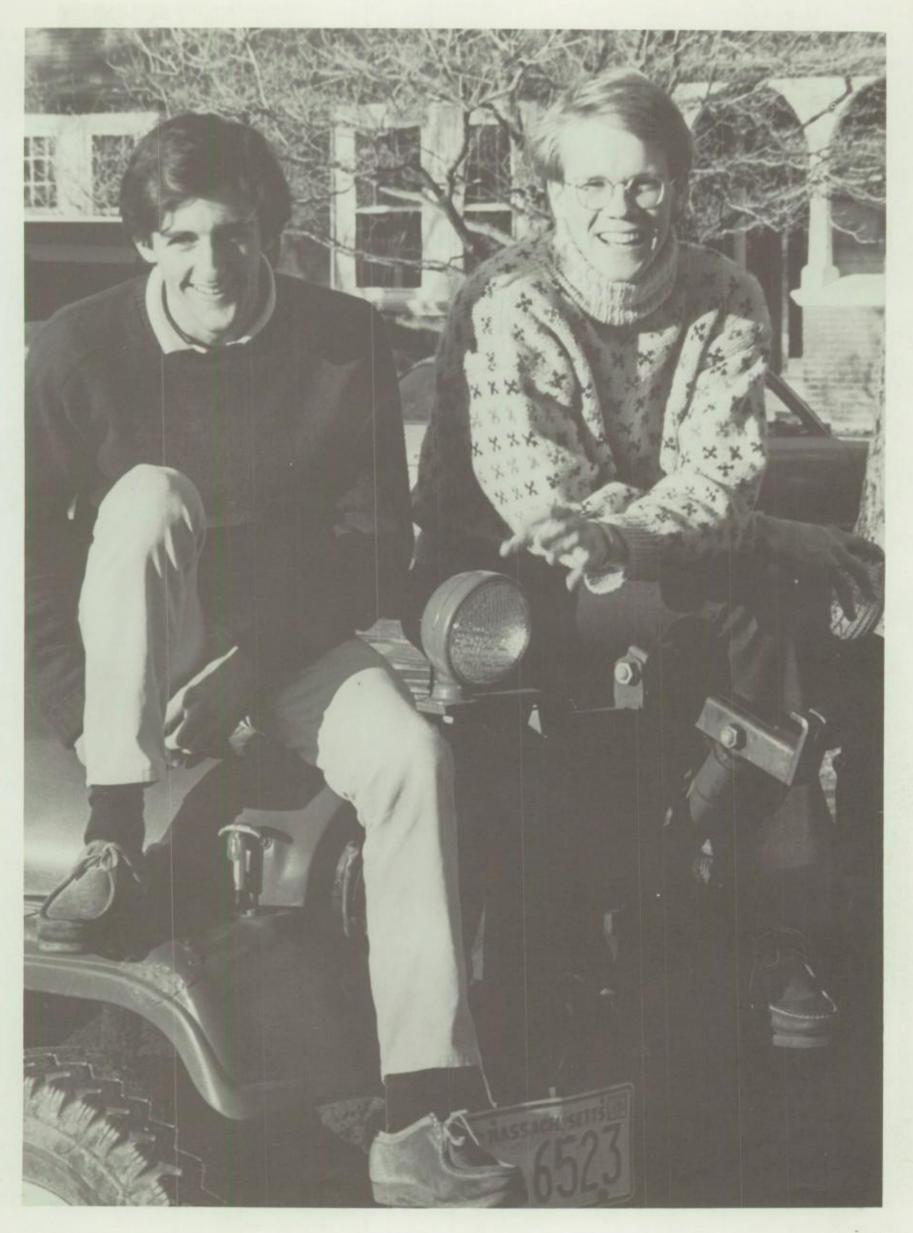
Francesca Friedrich-Herrmann



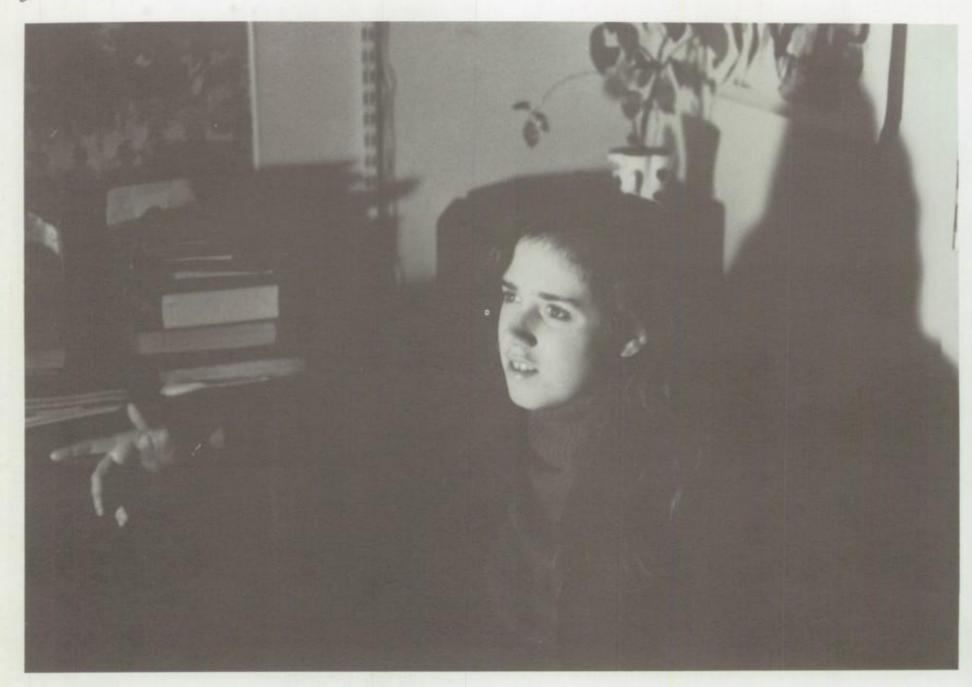








Emmett O'Donnell



"I said the foreits' only part of the tree.

Who needs the whole gil if you've get her kaee?

Sick of the dust passed by the modern era,

The Russian eye would rest in an Estorian spine.

Il sit by the window, The dishes are done.

Il war happy here, But il won't be again."

- Joseph Brocksby



Pamela Ellsworth Davis

I asked professors who teach the meaning of life to tell me what is happiness.

And I went to famous executives who boss the work of thousands of men.

They all shook their heads and gave me a smile as though I was trying to fool them.

And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered out along the Desplaines river.

And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the trees with their women and children and a keg of beer and an accordian.

-Carl Sandburg



If a man's not a liberal at age 20
he's got no heart
If he's not a conservative at age 40
he's got no brain.

—Winston Churchill



We are the master of words unspoken - And the slave of those words spoken which should have been left unspoken

Sometimes I don't know what to feel
Everything I thought that I knew starts to look so unreal
There's a ringing in my head that keeps me awake at night
Sometimes I don't know what is right
Today I saw a car crush a dog under it's wheel
It didn't even stop, it just sped off and out of sight
Sometimes I just feel so afraid
But I know that noone else has it made
So if I just believe in myself
I won't need no help from nobody else
And I can make it alone
And everything will be cool,
I got to keep on keeping on
There's nothing else I can do

Sometimes I don't know what to do
Someone said the world's going to end and I think it's true
I thought there was some love in the world but I guess
I'm wrong
Sometimes I just feel so alone
I don't want to admit to my friends that I feel confused
I wonder what I'd do with myself if the world was gone
Something makes me stay on my feet
Don't you admit to defeat
If I tell myself it's alright
I can comfort myself it's alright and watch another day dawn
And everything will be cool

Todd Rundgrun



I don't believe in an afterlife, but just in case I'll bring a change of underwear.

-Woody Allen

John M. Gannon



Hold fast to dreams my friend For if dreams die Life is like a broken winged bird Which cannot fly.

-D.F.

Stephen M. Brown



A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

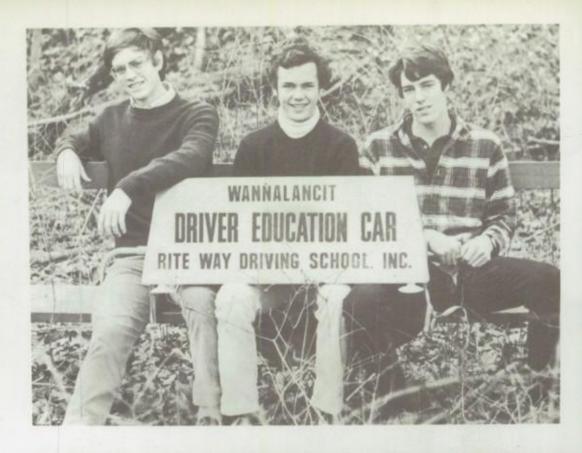
-Rudyard Kipling

Timothy H. Forster









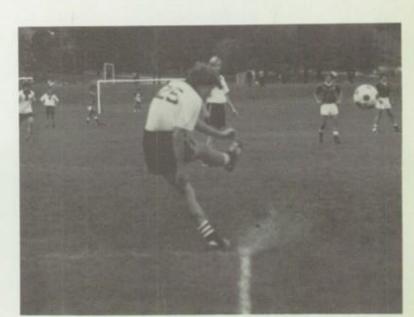


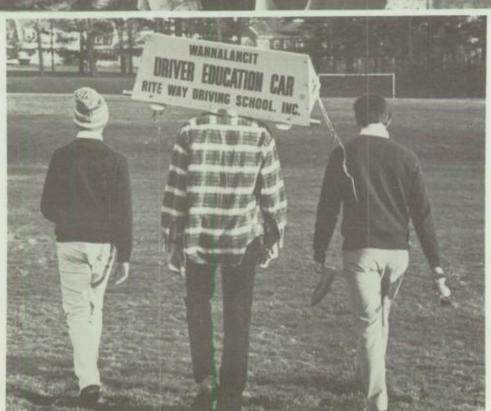














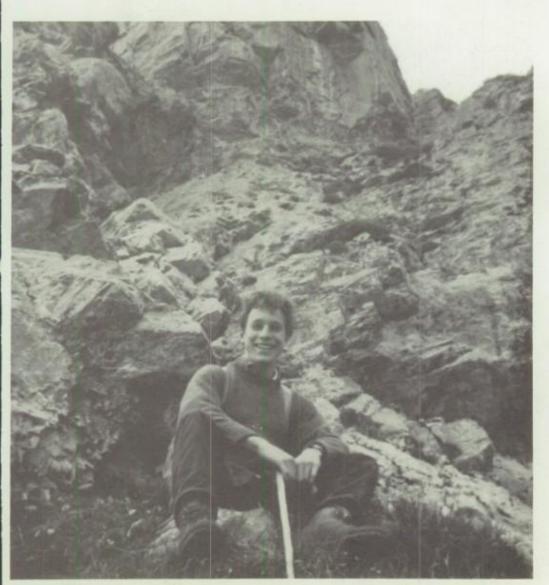




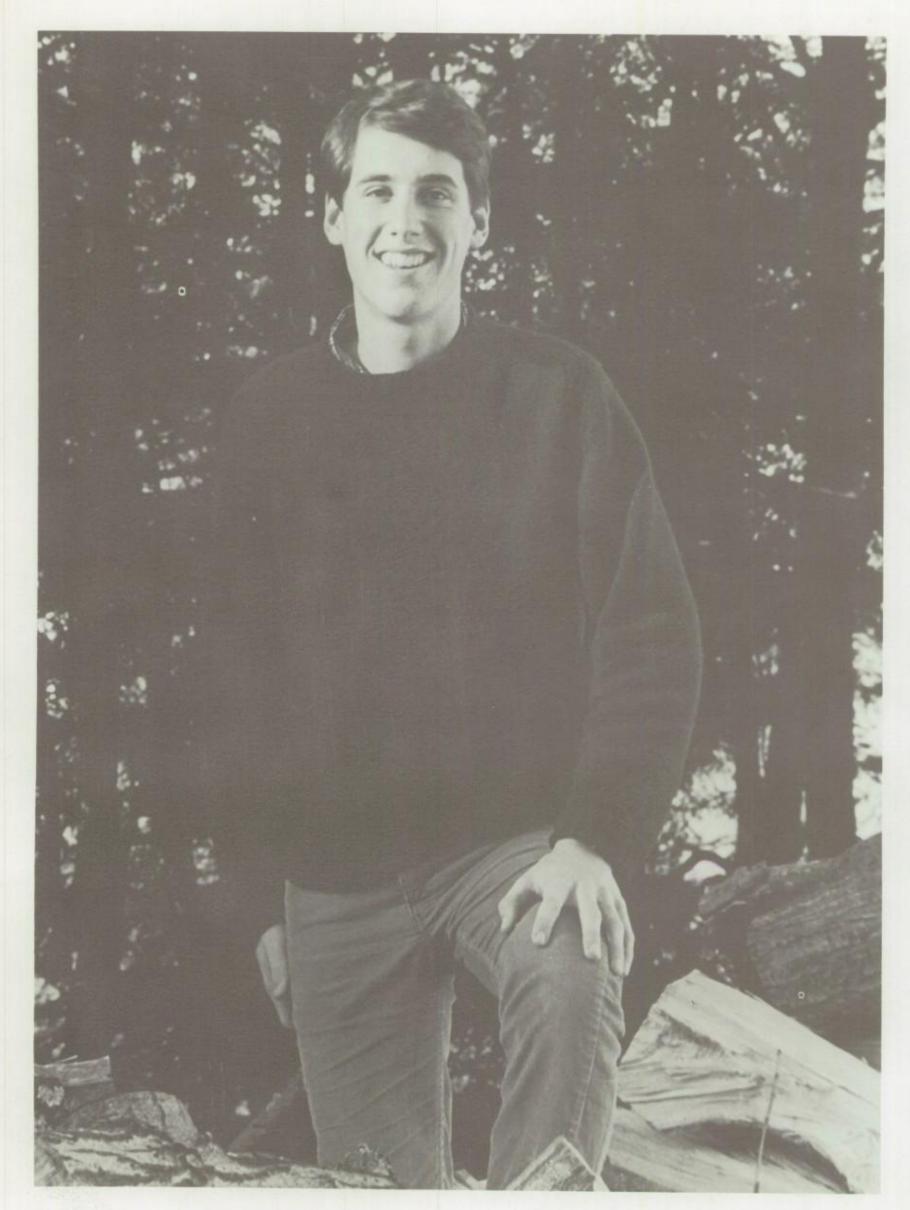
DAVID TAYLOR



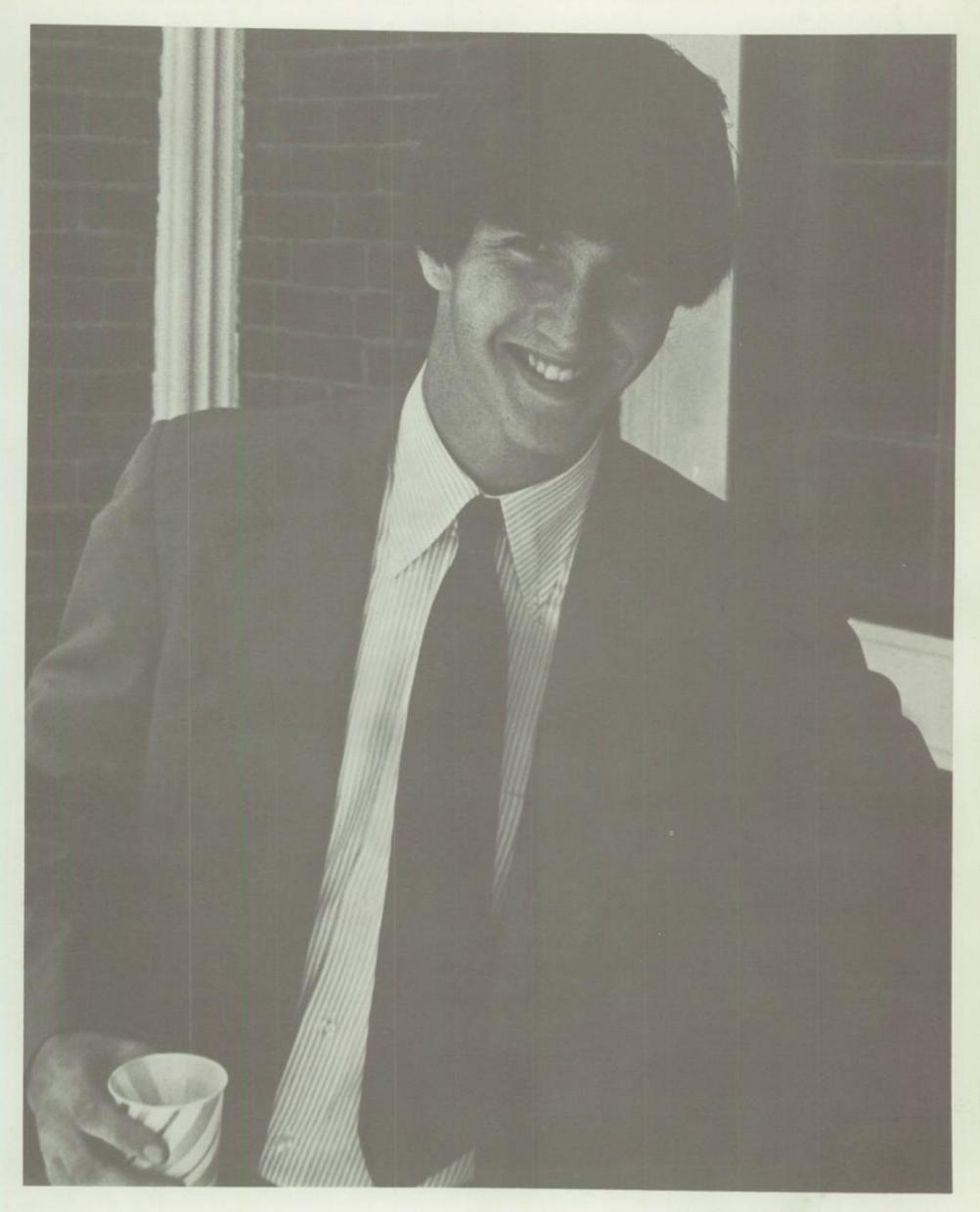




David Augustus Rogerson



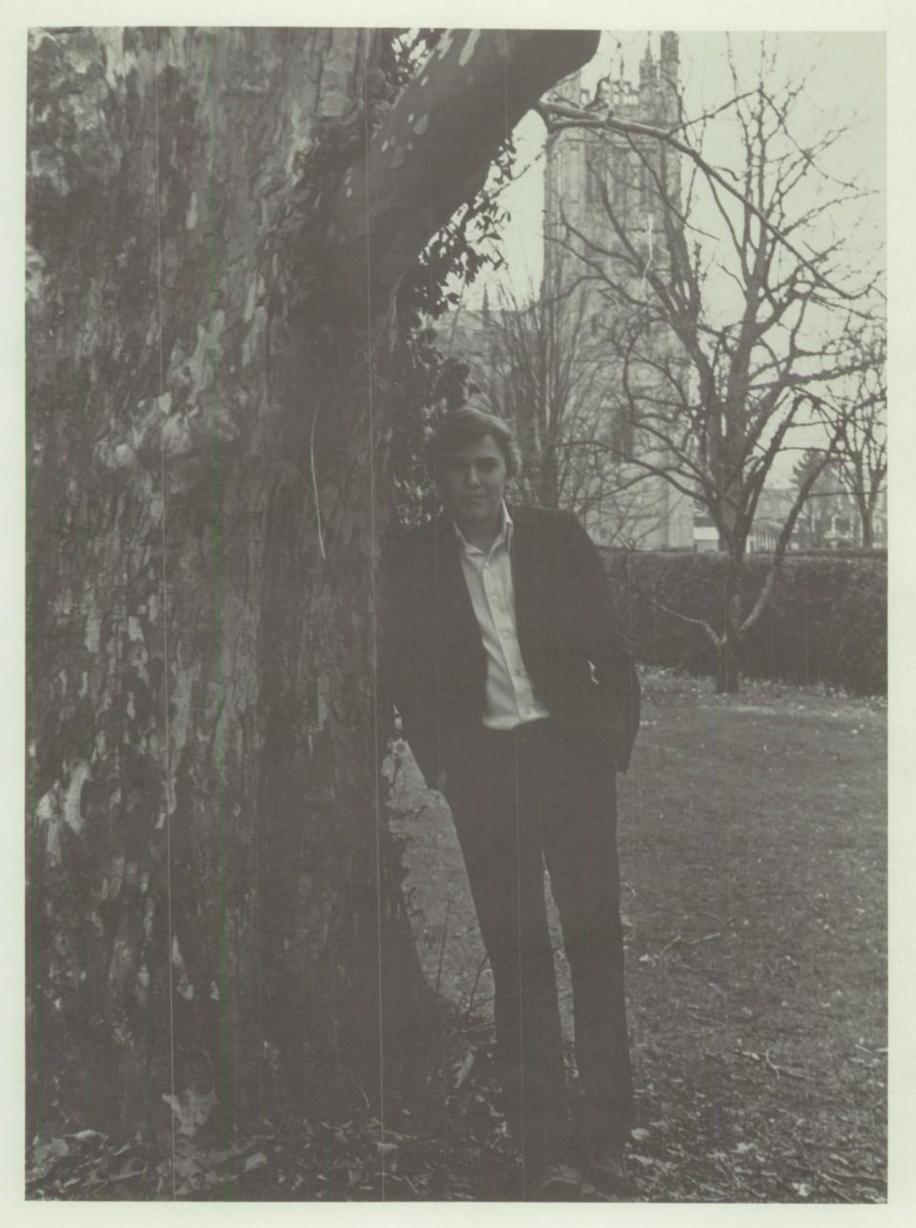
56 The Callune



Warren Sears Thaler



Bruce L. Carvalho



John K. Mackay 59



We have met the enemy and he is us —Pogo

Always prefer the probable impossible to the improbable possible

—Aristotle

Ubi te dobitares, similis tauro



I should have sent the little thug to electrician's school

-G.T.





Limitless undying love which shines around me like a million suns

It calls me on and off across the universe.

-Lennon and McCartney





The Great Dane combines in its distinguished appearance dignity, strength and elegance with great size and a powerful well formed, smoothly muscled body, the Apollo of dogs.

-A.K.C. Dog Book

I decided not to be a damn fool and went to sleep.

-B.F. Skinner





New Howen or New York so just give me a ring!

Best wishes and wer future!

Lam quite

Positive you will

Succeed in everything.

Succeed in everything.

Potential and a little bit further!

coment is temporary, which was forever. It was to with which when the standard the

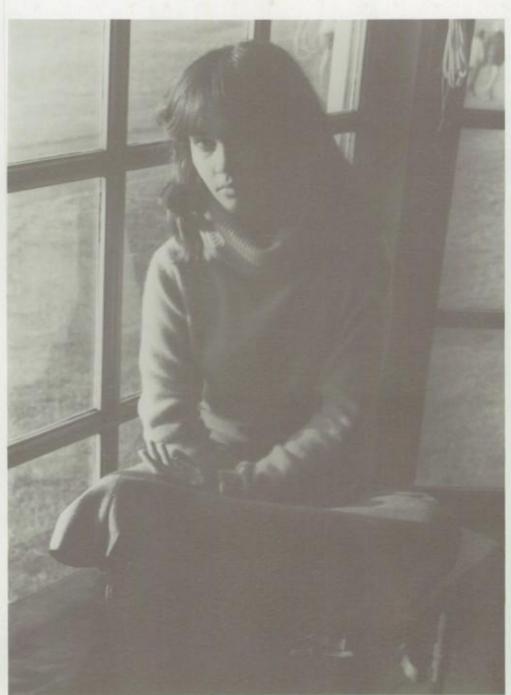
Server of the se

LloooyD-FLDOOYD, What can I say! You know con not express the pleasure I have had just knowing you! do not understand my silence, will not understand ny words. been nice howing 9 sweet and Mere somewal 2009Y 109 Apree



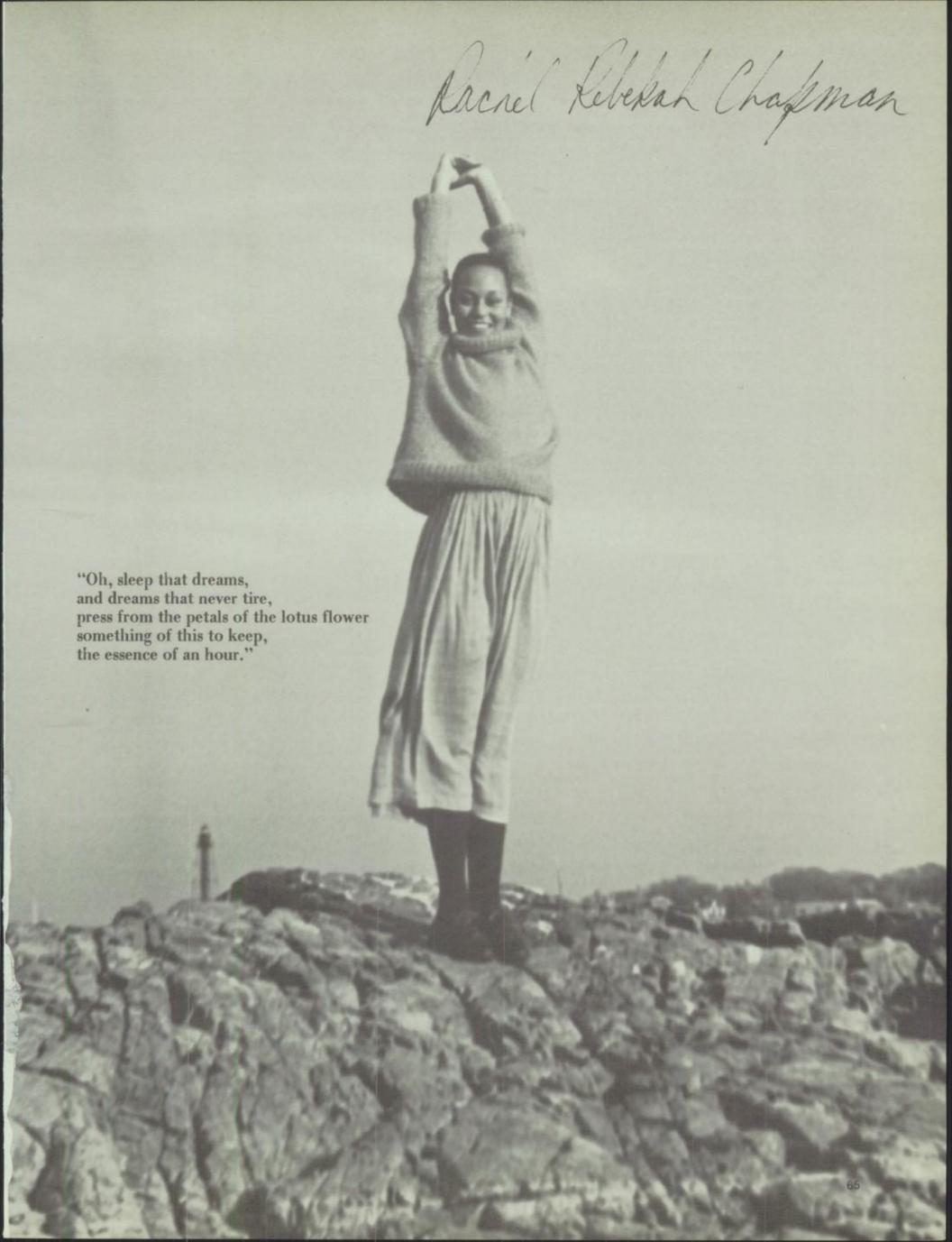


grazulla faselle



Then time and the river must stop in their tracks or roll on forever There's no turning back I've waited too long to be left here like this. Long time gone.

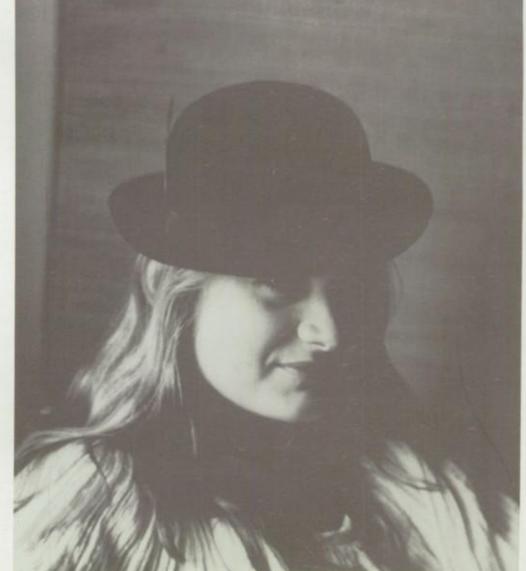
Janis Jan





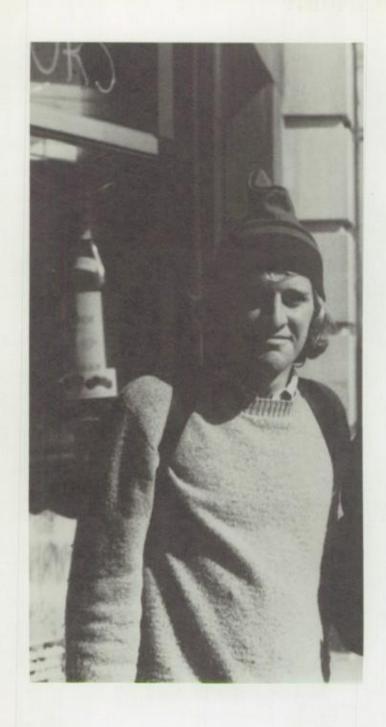
I walked on the beach in the early morn
I ran on the sand 'till I could breathe no more
I stood on a rock looking at the sea
and believed what I said when I said
I feel free

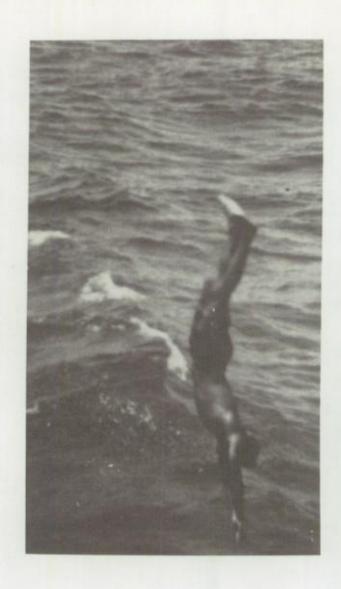
-Steve Miller Band



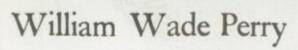
Anne H. Holland













Kevin Micheal Griffith



BE EVER WONDERFUL

Be ever wonderful, stay as you are Time is right, for you tonight Find your place among the broadway light, stay as you are and ever be wonderful, stay as

Gonna find a few, who will always walk with you oh baby-many people claim,

but their view's the same

What I wanna do, and what I'd like to tell you may not be, as you see, as you live today, what I wanna say Is be ever wonderful in your own sweet way

Be ever wonderful, stay as you Time is right, in your life tonight Find your place among the broadway light and be ever wonderful, stay as you are

Stay as you are, won't you stay in you own sweet way Don't let the world change your

-Earth Wind and Fire

Lloyd, It's been a fun three years. I be



very happy To see you in new Haven next year . If you're ever around, the invetation in open, Jake it eary o heep up

Kevin Micheal Driffith Friff.

P.S. I don't "hate you!" (at least not too much)





George Biddle

Jim Conzelman











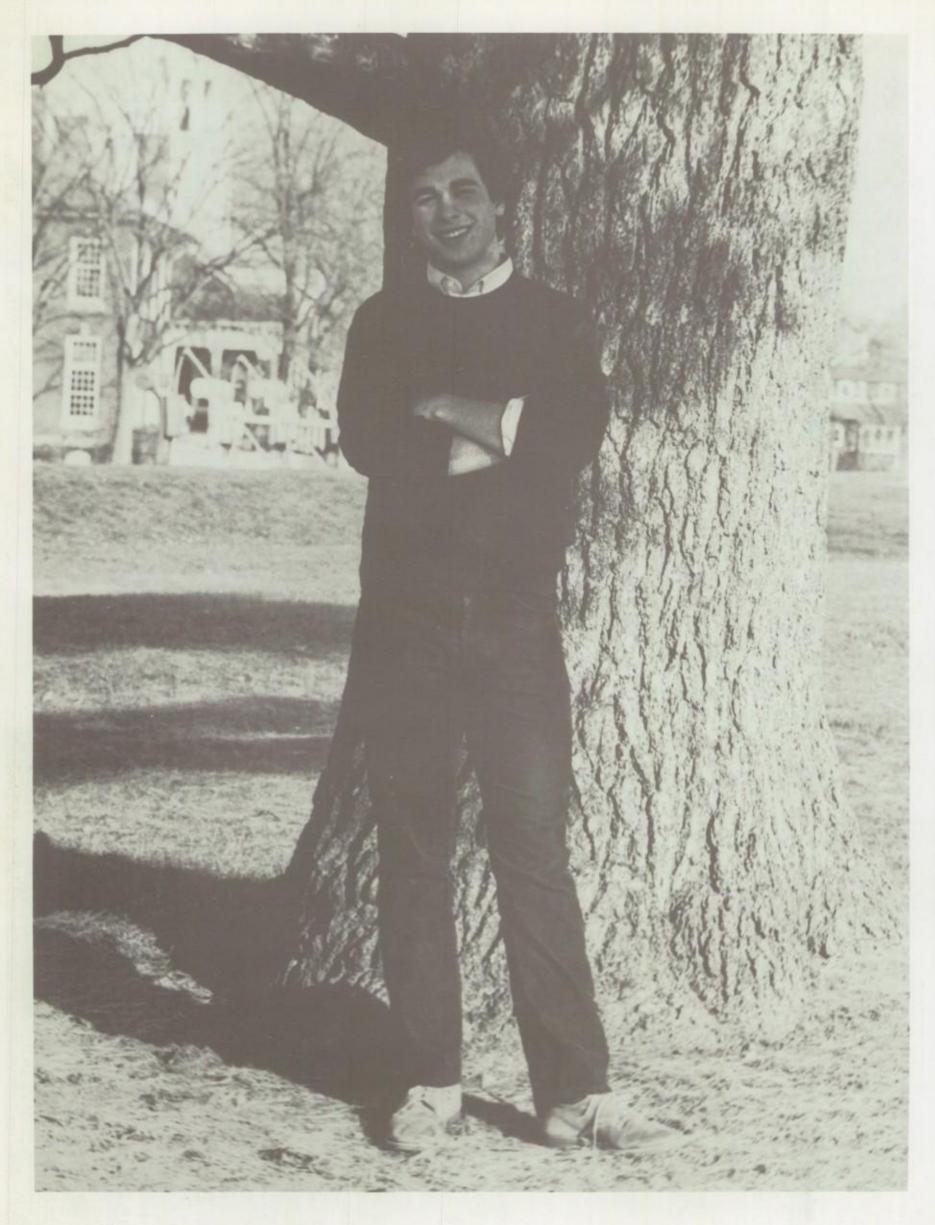


Joseph E. Groves

Peter T. Beatty







Bradley G. Kulman



Sayre A. Townsend

"Theomic", both of we bring secured on a Walnesday wight or to the rain. Look to the Rainbow -Marcel Marceau Why don't you jump for joy and be happy! Stephen G. Hill by? We've lived together for I years and I can't believe Reasons to be cheerful. Dana G.—The Ohio Gang—The Doc and Chopper—Tracy Austin Garbaniness is Frumpy-Jacksons-L&R-Tweety-The Family-and J.E.M. God (or happiness is...) how you stood it.



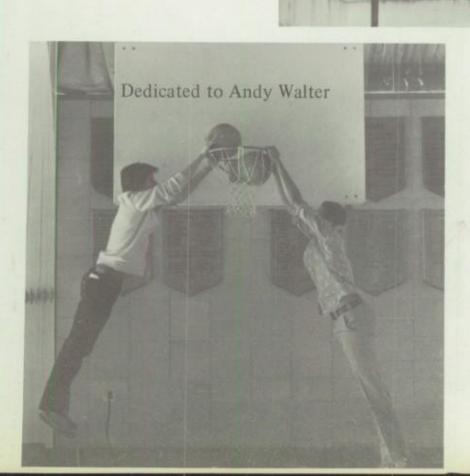


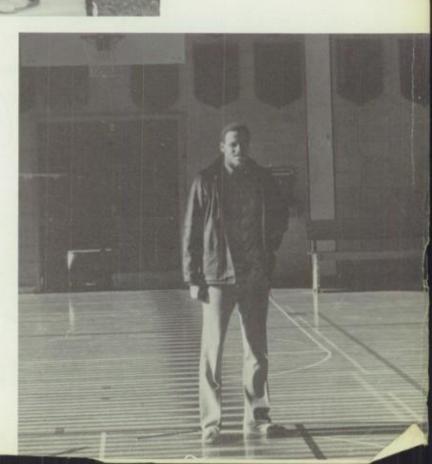


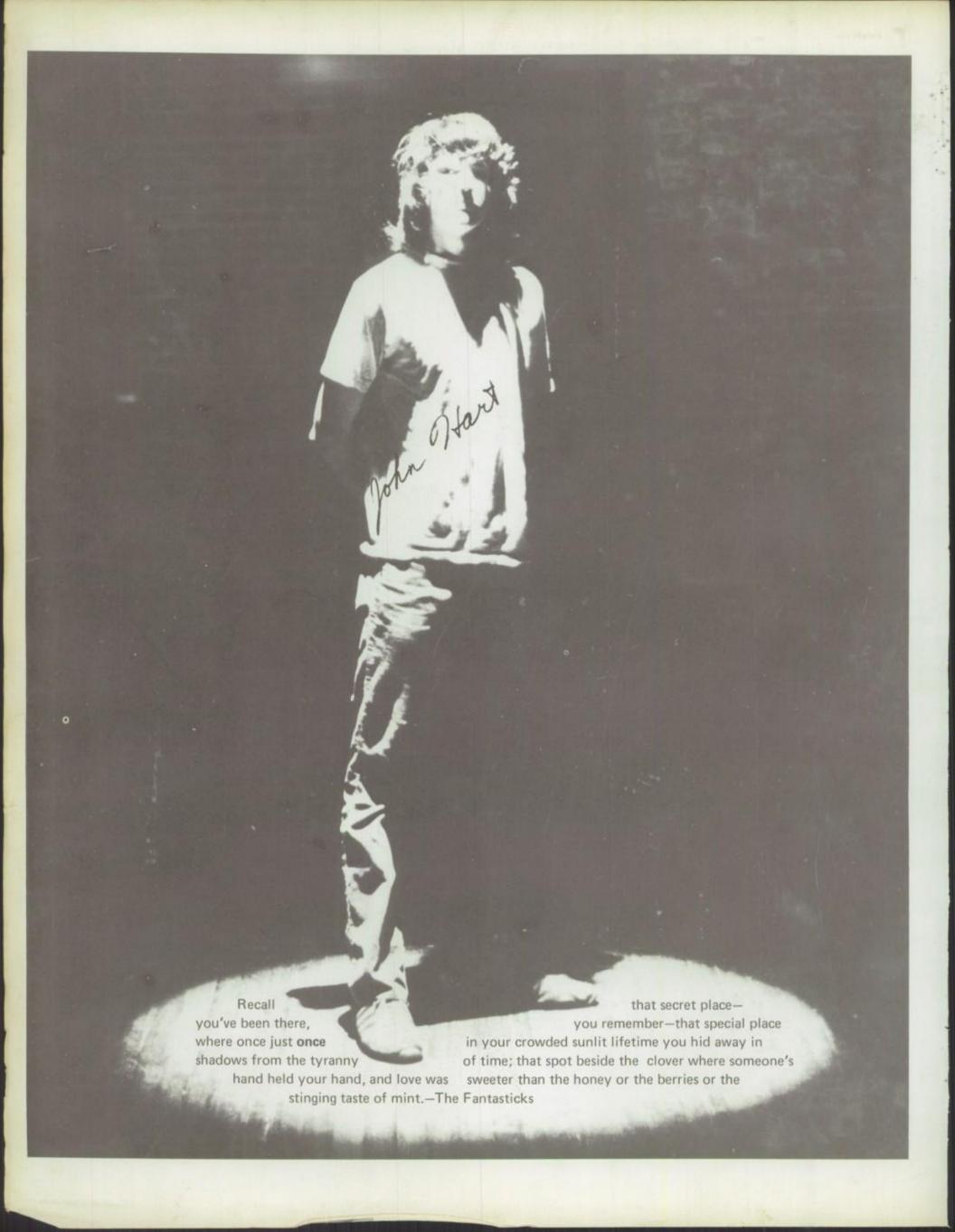
James G. Hicks

STIX

When I'm alone
I sometimes get to thinkin'
How it's gonna be
When we're gone...
Dave Mason





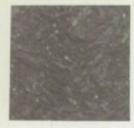




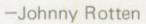
Life is a whole Up and Down



Peter J. Esser



I don't know what I want, but I know how to get it























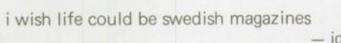






































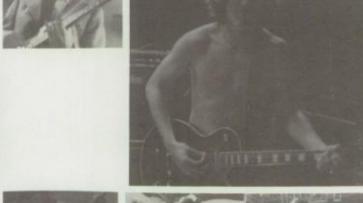






















This ain't no party, This ain't no disco This ain't no fooling around -Talking Heads

g.t.a.



E. Robinson McMullen III







"time to line time to largh time to lie ...

Take it as it comes "

J. Morrison

Mua C. Chang



Andres T. Reyes



Kathleen M. Sardegna



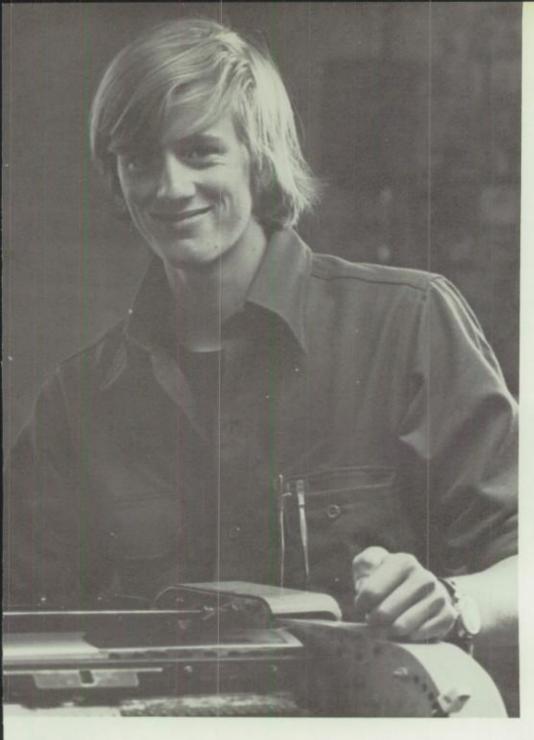












This is a Printing Office
Crossroad of Civilisation
Refuge of all Arts
against the ravages of time
Armoury of Fearless Truth
against whispering rumor
Incessant Trumpet of Trade
from this place WORDS may fly abroad
not to perish on waves of sound
not to vary with the writer's hand
but fixed in time having been verified in proof
Friend You Stand On Sacred Ground
This Is A Printing Office

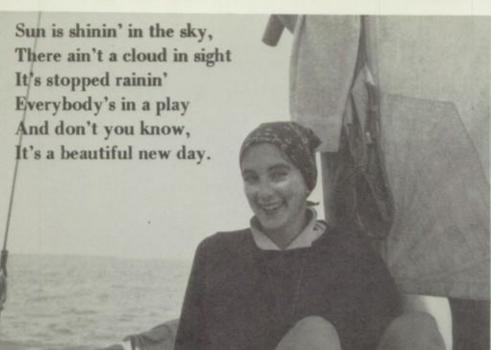
A collision at sea can ruin your entire day.

Thucydides

Being a goalie is 99 percent boredom and I percent panic.



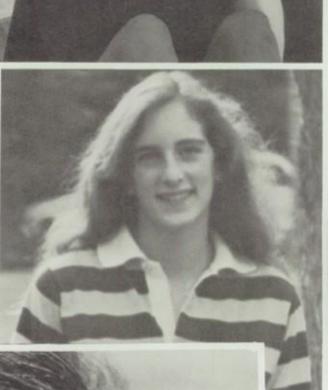
Henry Pomeroy Davison II



You dance and you spin

Once not he snight

Whichin and twining





It's easier to tell a lie than it is to tell the truth It's easier to kill a fly than it is to turn it loose It's easier to criticize somebody else Than to see yourself

It's easier to give a sigh and be like all the rest Who stand around and crucify you while you do your best It's easier to see the books upon the shelf Than to see yourself

It's easier to hurt someone and make them cry
Than it is to dry their eyes
I got tired of fooling around with other people's lies
Rather I'd find someone that's true

It's easier to say you won't than it is to feel you can It's easier to drag your feet than it is to be a man It's easier to look at someone else's wealth Than it is to see yourself

George Harrison

Take care + Have fun! hove fauxa Anne Mount



Thank you for a real good time G.D.



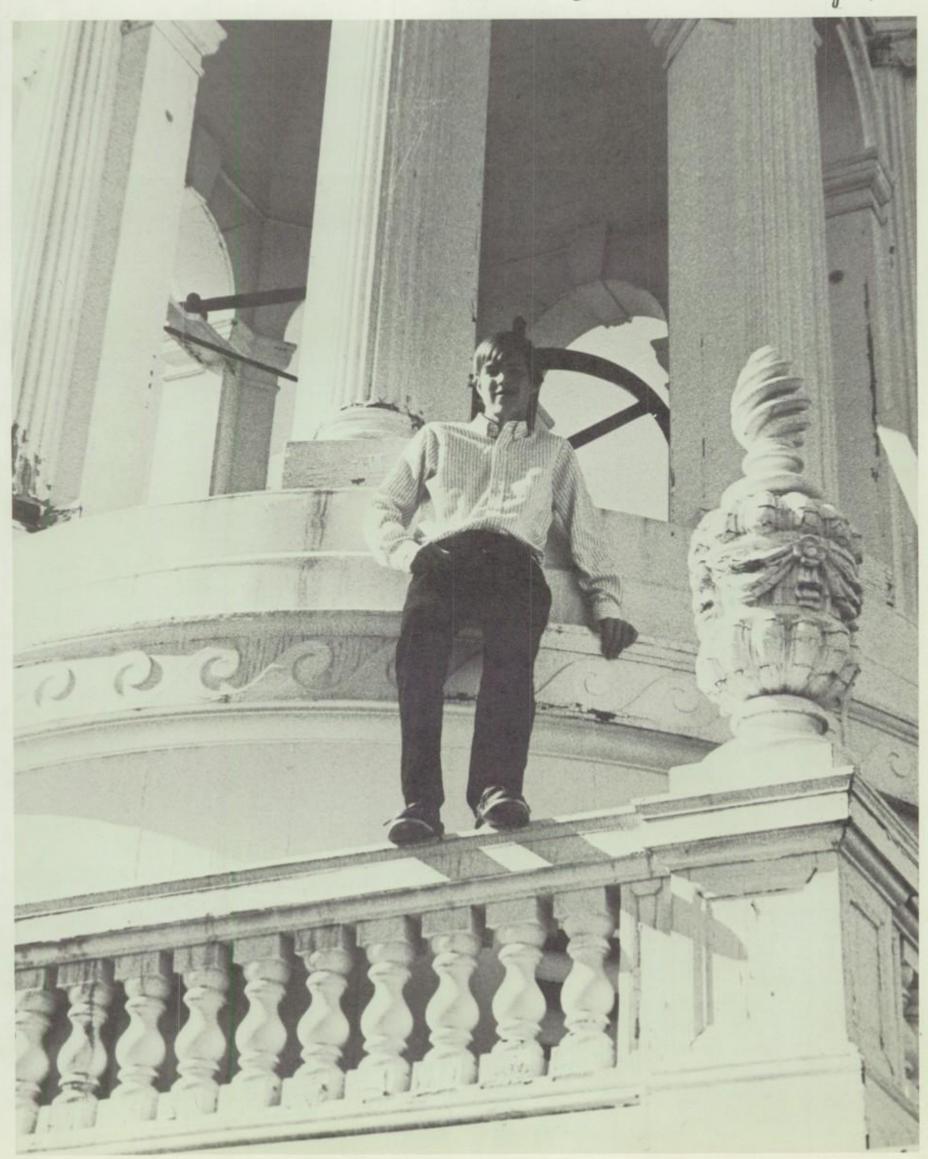


"The more conscious I was of goodness and of all that was 'lofty and beautiful,' the more deeply I sank into my mire."

-Dostoevsky

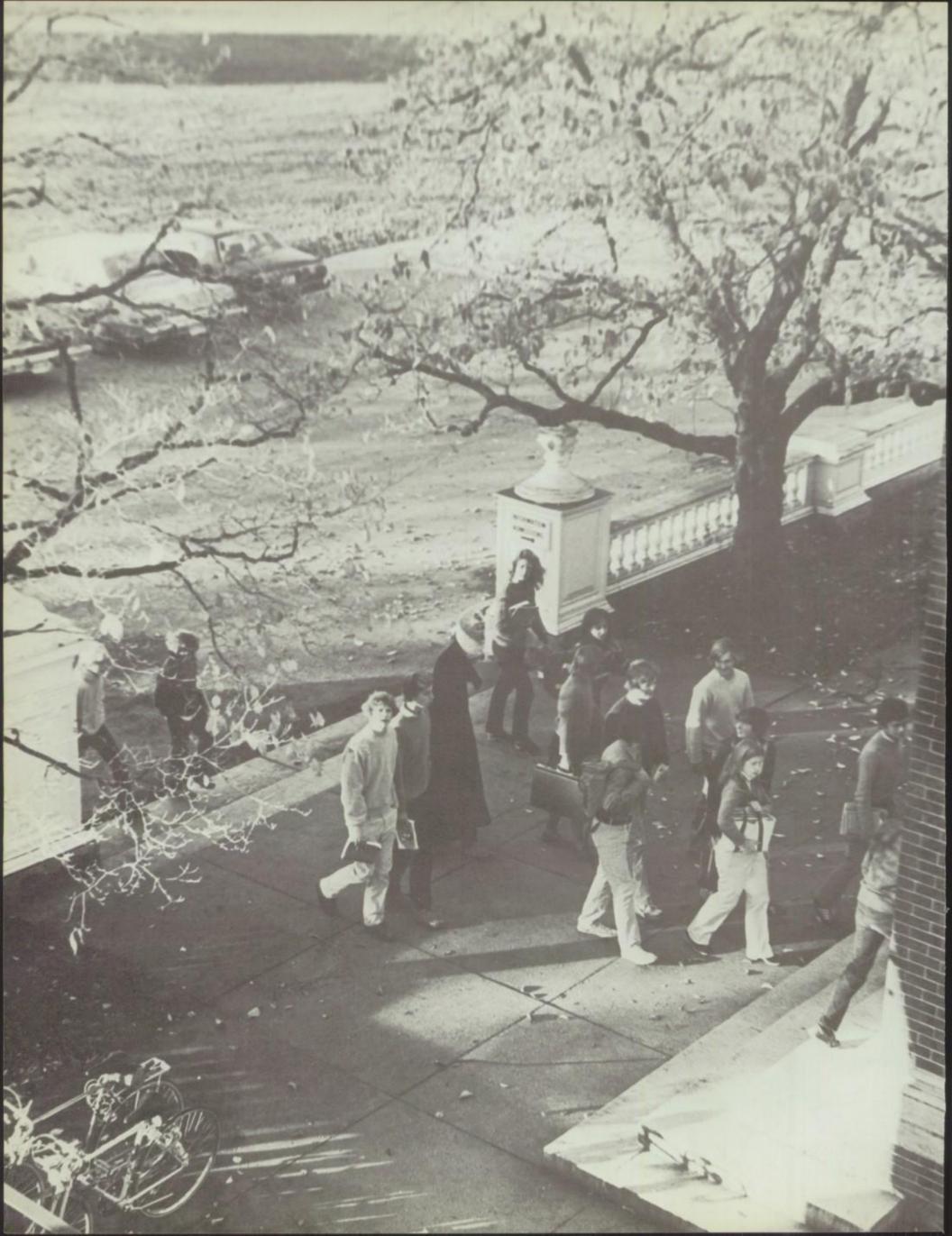
May the road rise to meet you, And may the wind be always at your back.

albin David Strandberg, III





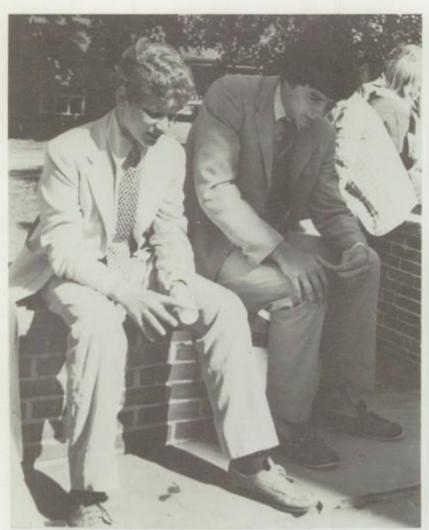






We wander through the open gates and anticipate setting the machine back in motion. We question what may come even as we anticipate its coming. The readjustment, the reorganization, and the reshaping are parts of the return, parts that we expected and looked forward to throughout the summer swelter.











Orientation '79



During those first warm days, it looked natural to us—flinging frisbees around, professing to study in the sun, sweating out positions on the teams. Orientation had gone well, even if the new Fourth Formers had snubbed the baby games. The Fifth Form ranks took on Tracy as the Sixth Form took on Peter and Butch. Jake was back yelling on the football field, and our new Russian Senior Prefect controlled roll call.

The Form of '80 began to show its ultimate creativity one morning when some anonymous students moved all the books and bikes from the chapel steps to the Circle. The next week the Schoolroom was hit by a toilet paper blizzard. It seems, however, that only the Sixth Form was amused.

The tone was set; it looked like a relaxed, friendly year. The new students infiltrated the choir, teams and classes with welcome enthusiasm and skill. Couples and friendships solidified: the homesick recovered. Work soon conquered play and pen flowed on paper. St. Paul's Weekend snuck up on us quickly, but we psyched ourselves with a nighttime pep rally. Football beganits winning streak, and later that night the S.A.C. began its season with "The Dating Game," "Name that Tune," and "Make Me Laugh."

Marie Cosindas came to give the Washburn















Lecture. Using a slide show to display her photography, she impressed us and inspired some of us over in the art center. As the weather turned to fall, Groton could not isolate itself from the national concern of energy. With Mr. Everett threatening another increase in tuition, we came to value the hiss and hum of the heat, to value sweaters, and to chide each other over lights, windows, and hair dryers.

The Dining Hall also seemed at times to be at the mercy of budgeting; pizzas and subs became abundant in the night hours. We were reassured, though, at the School Birthday with steak and potatoes, cake, white tablecloths, and ivy.

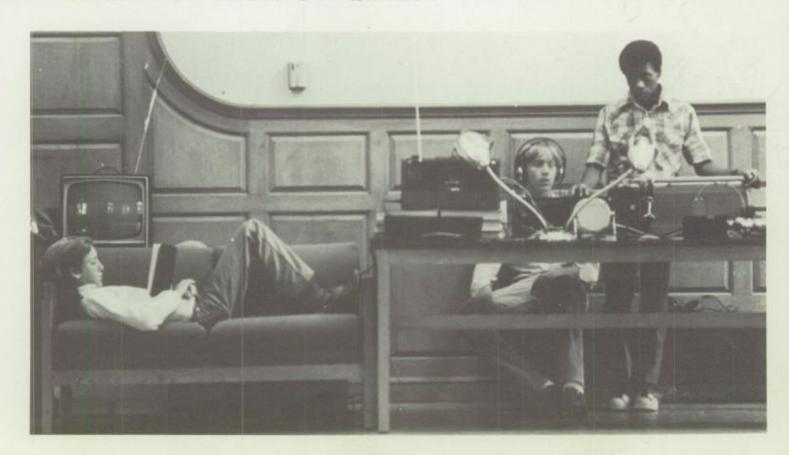
Then came the snow. Some of us took advantage of the winter day. Cross-country skiers took to the hills, field hockey players turned to







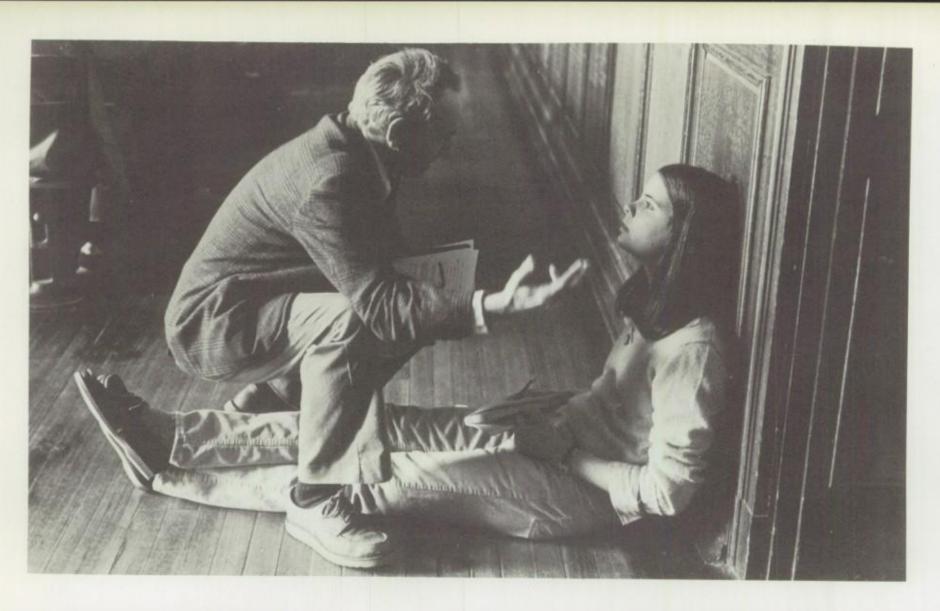


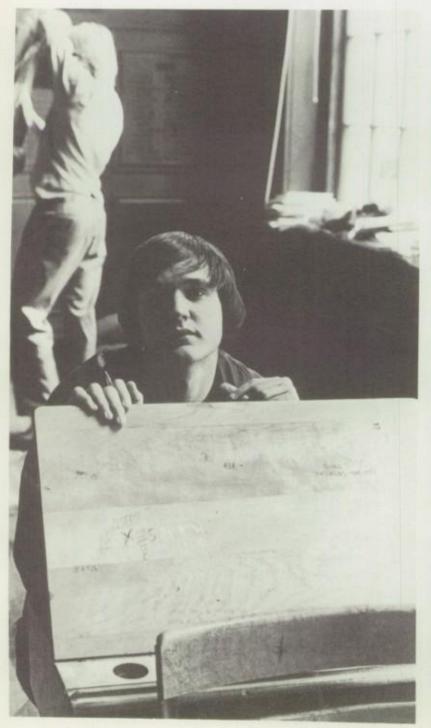












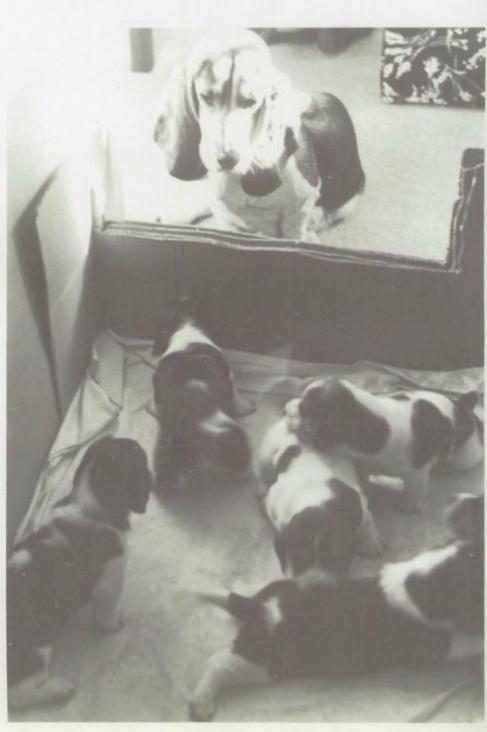












their rooms, and the choir sectional had a snow-ball preview. There were sighs as the whiteness reminded us of what was in store for us. Who would have thought that we'd be seeing snow when autumn had hardly begun? Yet the next day, a beautiful Holiday came to remind us of spring and better days even further on. There was an unreal quality to those two lost days: Snow on red and green leaves, snowmen in October, spring patches of snow melting on the Circle. By the weekend there was no trace of winter left. In fact, we still had a few days of hot summer weather ahead.

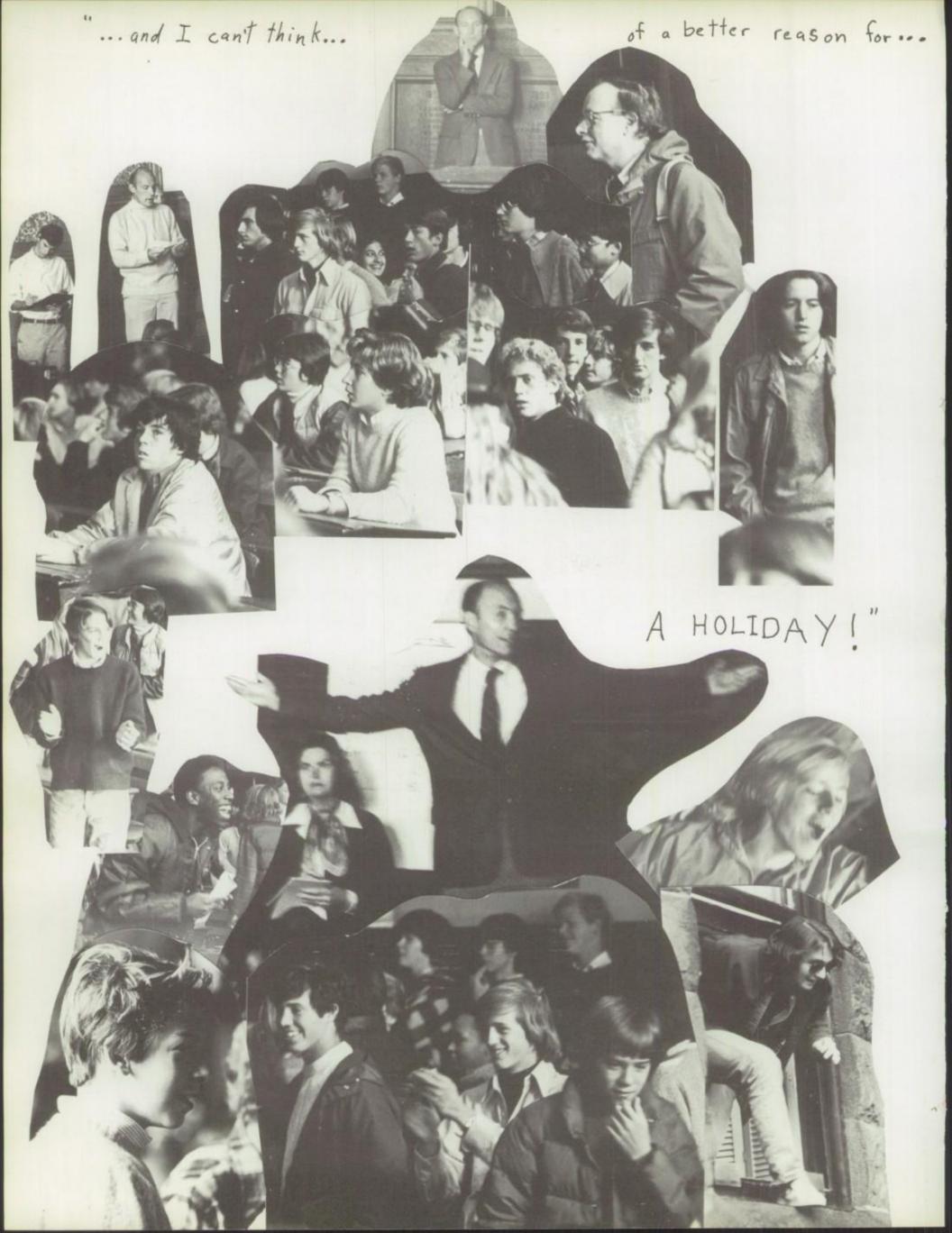
On Freshman Weekend old friends and old cliques rejoined us for awhile. Seeing people who were no longer a part of Groton's daily life when only a year age they were leading Groton was an unusual experience. Yet to see them walking along the Circle, taking communion, or heading down to their familiar forest was almost natural. Then when it was time for them to go we said our sad goodbyes.

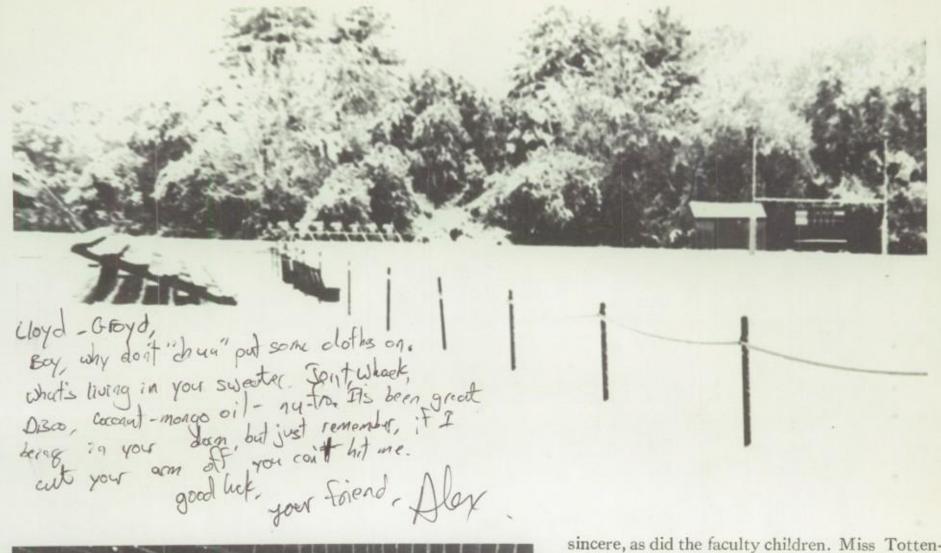
The next weekend was a long one. Most went home but a few stayed at school to catchup on work, do college applications, or just have a good time.

The Great Pumpkin has never passed by Groties. The kitchen staff went all out to make dinner









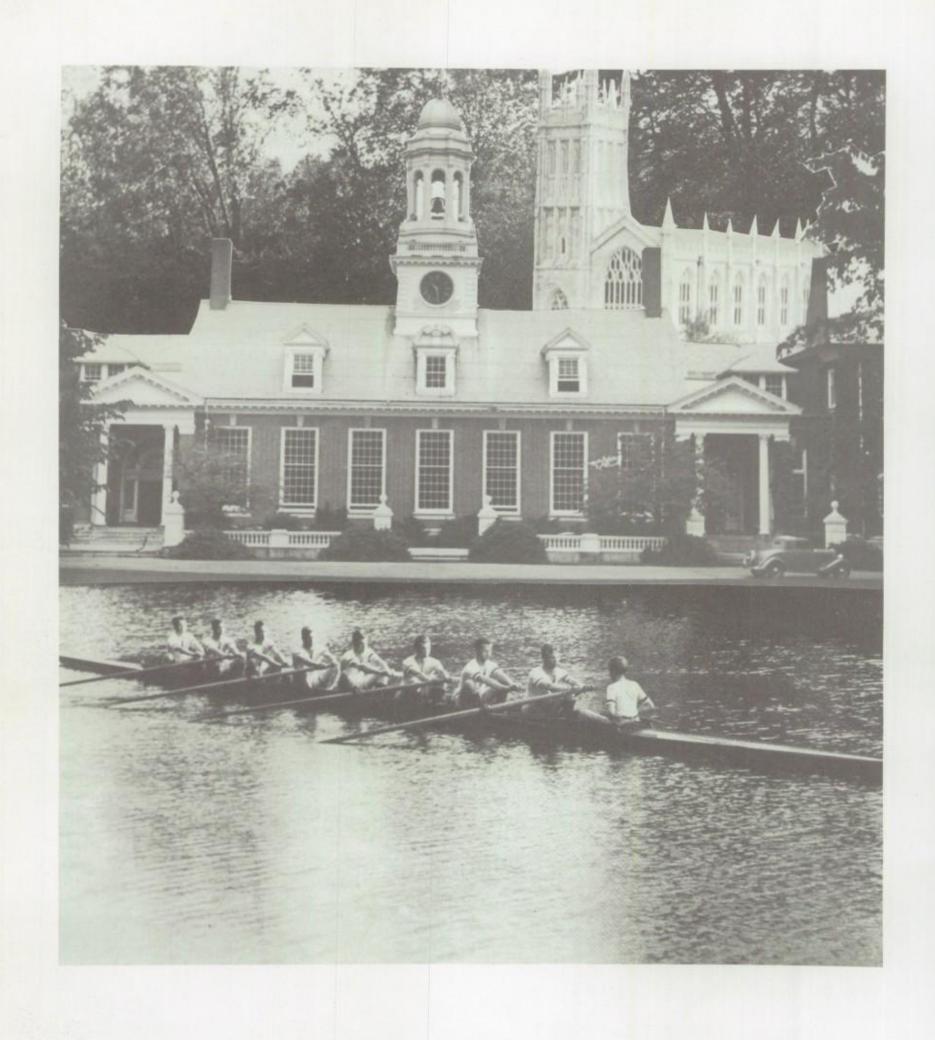


sincere, as did the faculty children. Miss Tottenham warned us that if we went trick-or-treating, we would get nothing And, instead of waiting in a pumpkin patch, the girls kept themselves busy with finding makeshift weapons and barricading doors, in terror of the Prophecy.

The day after was the first college deadline and there was some frantic essay writing. Sixth Formers could be seen racing to the mail box at three or, in extreme desperation, biking to the Post in town to make the six a.m. special delivery. The college reality had finally come despite the procrastination.

A fleet of station wagons, vans, and compacts surrounded the uausly peaceful Circle one weekend and we knew that our parents had arrived. Happy reunions, trunkloads of food and clothes and clean dorms were seen everywhere. It rained but that didn't stop the flooding of the Bull Run, and the Linda with Grotties. On Saturday night we put on a show, in which Wilbur was a surprise guest. The next day, after dorm coffees and slow departures, things returned to "normal."

Time sped far ahead of us. Was tomorrow Prize Day? Was yesterday September 8th? Or was it time to eat liens at roll call? In any case, it was St. Mark's Weekend. Football finished out the season undefeated. Field Hockey and Girl's Soccer also came up winners, but something didn't work for the boy's soccer. No matter. Enthusiasm in throwing up Messrs. Congleton and Choate at the bonfire carried over to the live band dance. There was something of a traffic jam behind the ice rink, in spite of a friendly Fac. Sup. caution but we all managed to come through safely.



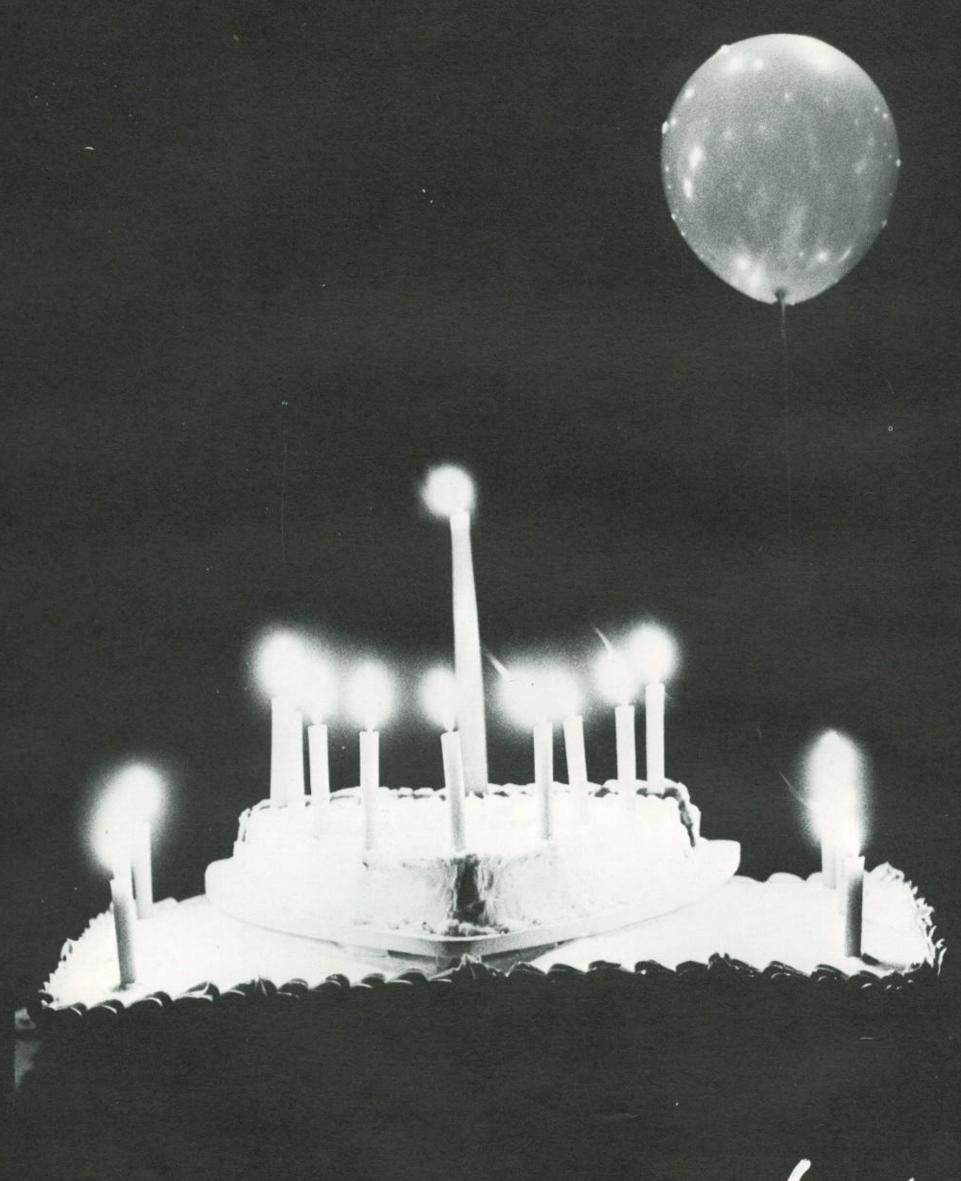


Before there was a real chance to settle back down comfortably, exam week hit us. We were caught up in the excitement and worries of exams. That week was rather like four or five o'clock in the afternoon; the day will soon be gone, and have we lived it or just watched it?

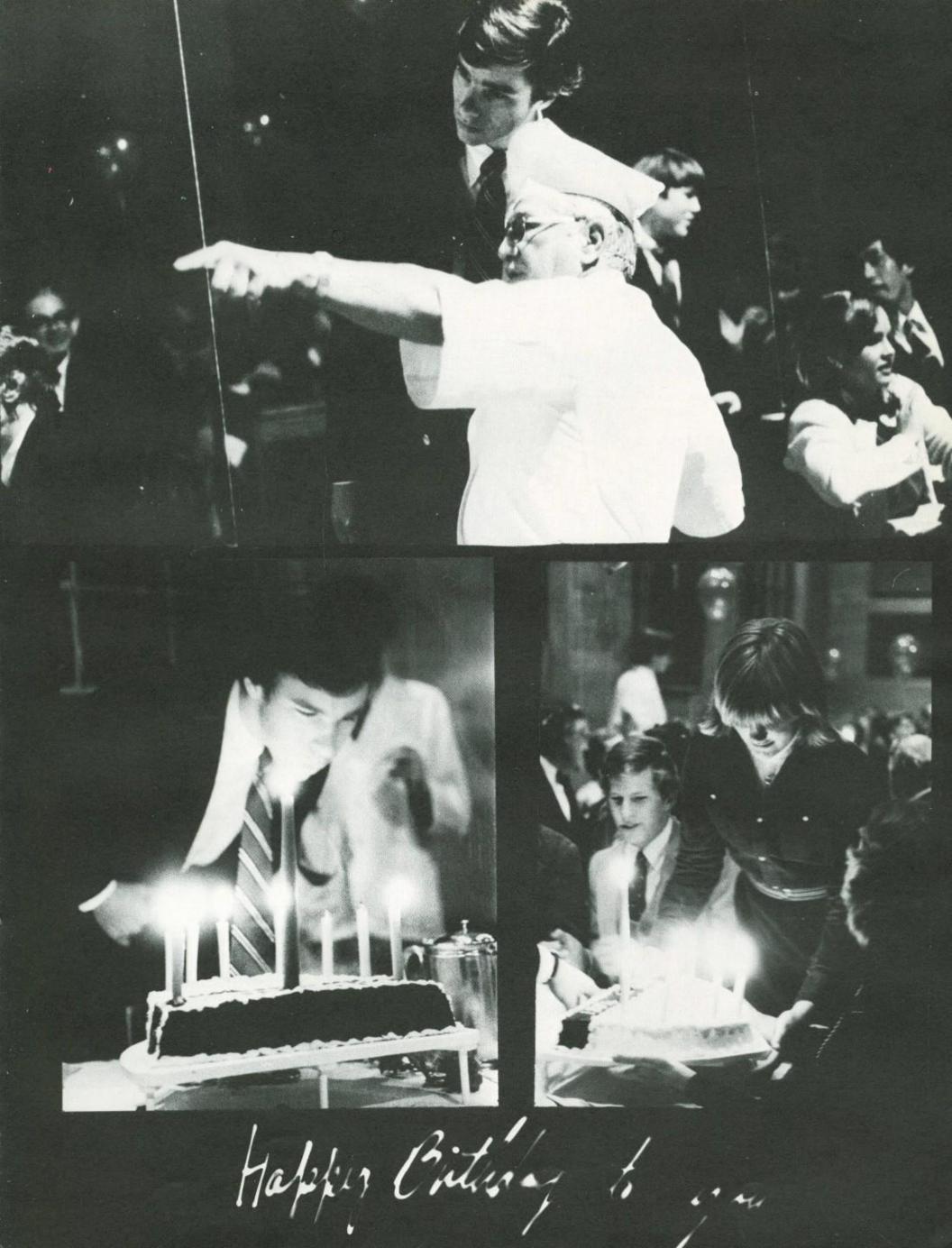
We usually are too caught up in the world that is Groton, but we could not ignore international problems. The plight of the boat people caused some to collect what others would give. The starvation in Cambodia moved many to participate in a fast, sponsored by Oxfam. The absurdity, the frustration, and the implications of the Iranian blackmailing were, however, the most unsettling for those who bothered to watch Walter Cronkite every night. All the money or all the food we could send could do no good.

Such was the atmosphere, both in and beyond Groton, when Fall Term ended. Exams were over, our bags stuffed full, and the buses waited for no one. Nelson was leaving for a term to chase his dream circus and, George was heading out to sunny Spain. Anne and Francesca still had two more weeks of Groton before they would join the political circles of Washington D.C. The close of a term has always had a sense of finality to it, although we knew that it would all begin again in about a week.

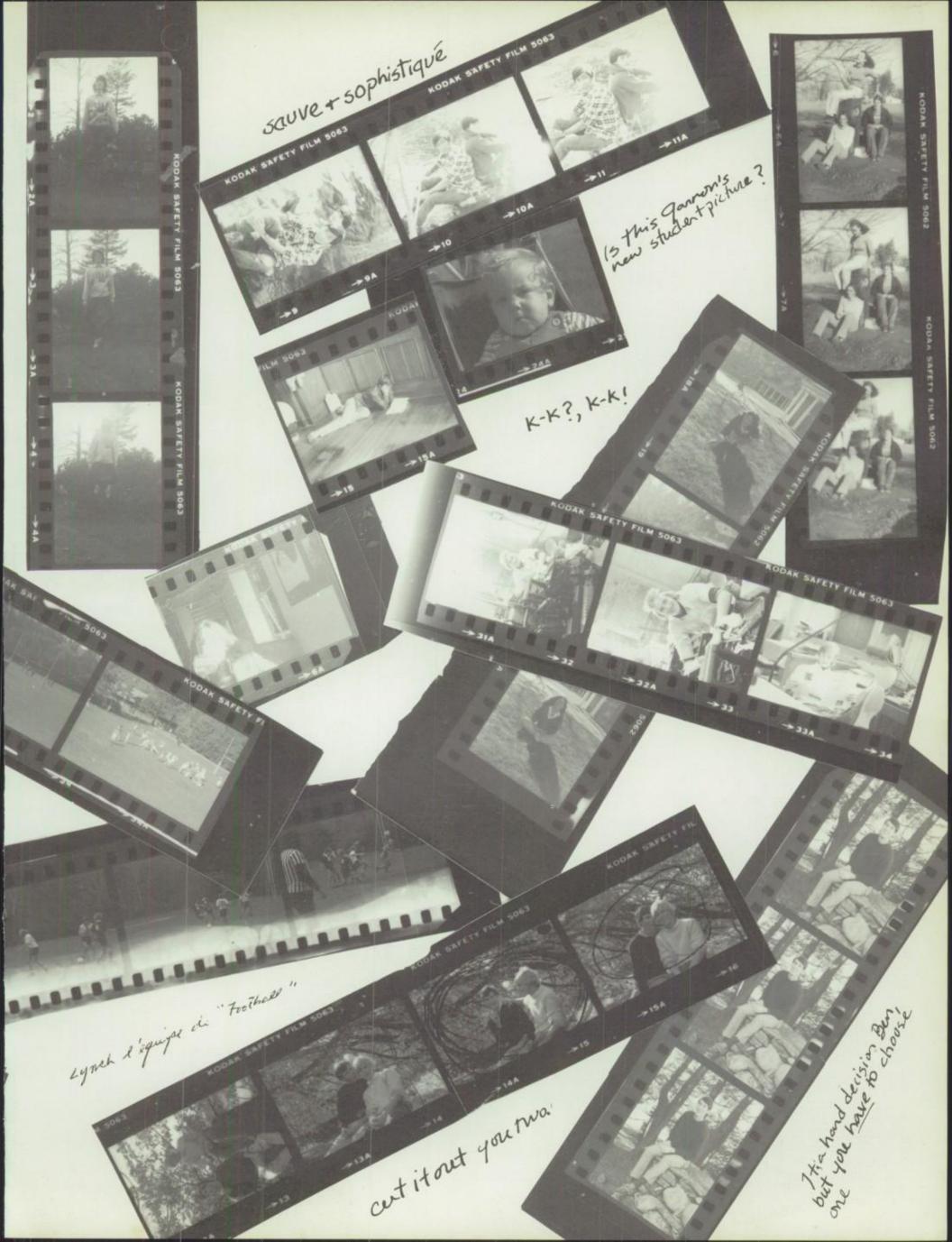


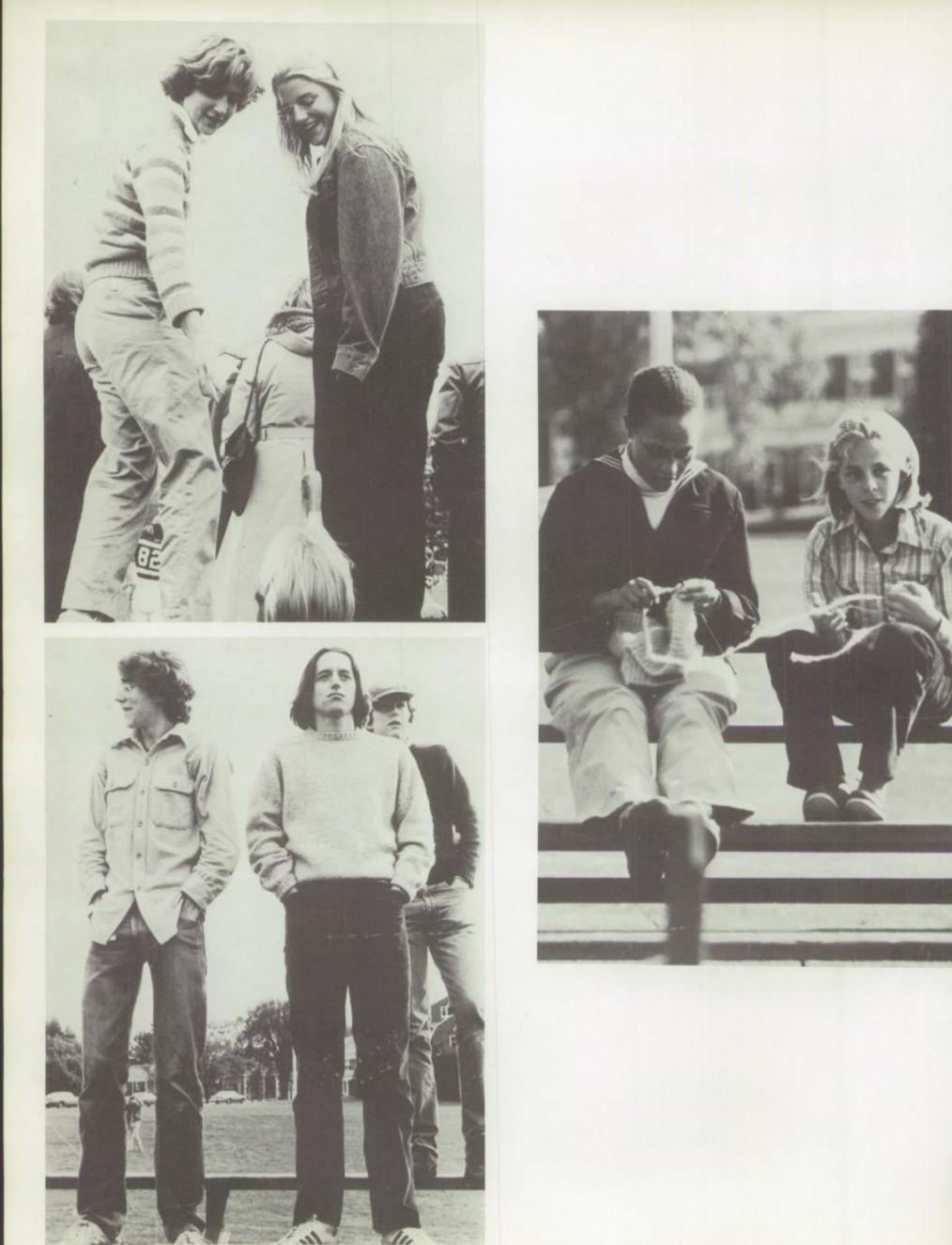


Halla Butter, dear d'arte





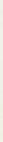




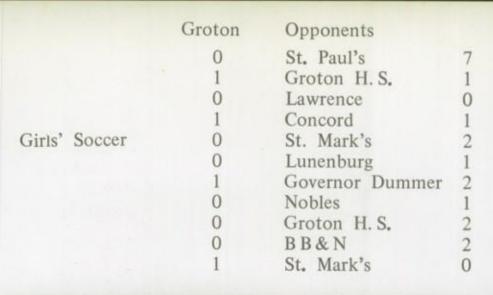














Boys' Soccer

Groton	Opponents			Field Hockey				
0	St. Paul's	0						
0	Roxbury Latin	0	Groton	Opponents			Football	
1	Middlesex	0	0	St. Paul's	0			
1	Belmont Hill	1	4	Concord	0	Groton	Opponents	
2	Rivers Brooks	1	1	St. George's	1	48	St. Paul's	28
2			7	Lawrence	0	30	St. George's	6
4	Governor Dummer	1	2	Middlesex	0	8	Middlesex	0
2	Lawrence	1	3	Thayer	0	8	Belmont Hill	6
0	Nobles	1	3	Pingree	1	56	Governor Dummer	32
2	BB&N	1	3	Bancroft	0	22	Milton	0
0	St. Mark's	1	0	Governor Dummer	1	50	St. Mark's	14
			1	Nobles	3	2.2		
			3	BB&N	0			
			2	St. Mark's	0			















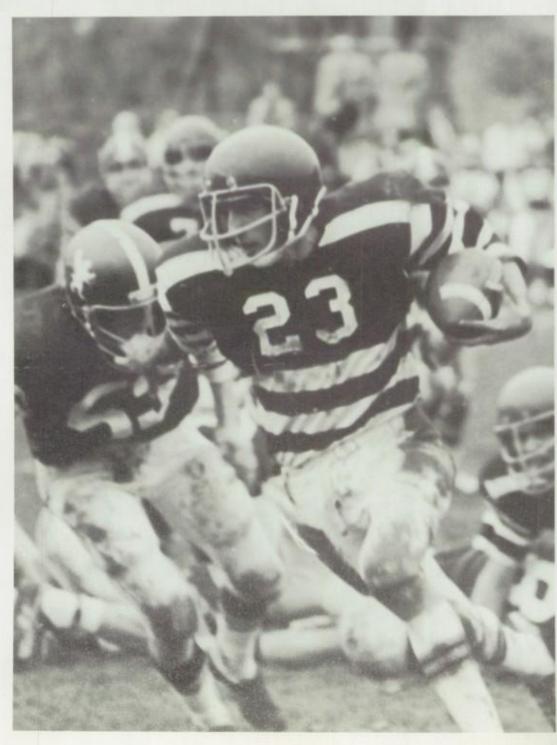


The 1979-80 Varsity Field Hockey team had an excellent season. We compiled an 8-2-2 record, which made us the league champs. Captains Nicole Piasecki and Sally Townsend were not only the two high scorers on the team, but they led the team with spirit and determination. Our best two games were played against Pingree and BB&N. Sally Townsend scored two perfect goals against Pingree. Emily Stanley, Crista Herbert, and Danielle Downing played aggressively and consistently as defensemen throughout the Pingree game. Mollie Rimmer, Becky White, Nicole Piasecki, and Nini Rogerson never stopped moving in the BB &N game, and they worked hard as halfbacks. Alex Steinert, Jen Cunningham, Bunny Forbes, Sally Townsend, Bonnie Welch, Anne Bingham, Anne Emmons, and Susannah Gardiner played on the forward line. In each game the offense worked well together and they had some superb exchanges on the field. Our closest game was against Middlesex. Middlesex tied the score to make it I-I with a minute and a half left in the game. Groton quickly rallied, moved the ball down the field ,and Nicole Piasecki scored to win the game for Groton.



The 1979 Varsity Football team produced the first undefeated team since 1969 and the fourth since Chub Peabody's '37 team. What was remarkable about this year's team was that it was totally unexpected. We had won only one game the year before, had only three starters returning, and were not taken seriously as a threat until half way through the season. We emerged, however, with a 7-0 record, making us the co-champions of the 16 team Private School League with Nobles.

It all began with the best first half of play seen in many years. We literally flattened St. Paul's, taking a 34-0 lead at halftime. The following victories against an improved St. George's team and a tough Middlesex team were well deserved and were made possible through exceptional defensive play. We were then victorious over Belmont Hill as their last second field goal attempt missed by inches. Although trailing Governor Dummer at the half, we exploded with a vengeance and ran off 36 unanswered points. The final two games were against Milton and St. Mark's. Milton succumbed to us 22-0, and we scored against St. Mark's the first five times we had the ball, leading to a resounding 50-14 final victory. In retrospect, the things that distinguished this team were not its individual talent, but rather its togetherness, ability, and injury free season. Still, there were six who received All-League honors. Named to the second team were O'Donnell, Ashby, and Conzelman. Hicks, Salzman, and Dilworth were elected to the first team. Salzman was also elected to the All-Mass. team.











At last, the girl's Soccer squad achieved varsity status, an event initiated four years ago by the signing of a student originated petition. having lost 15 veterans and facing the prospect of breaking in a new coach. Early training was tense as the squad, totaling 33, approached its first game with hopes of wining the contest and gaining the respect of the whole community. The team suffered a demoralizing defeat at St. Paul's, and was heading for many more such painful experiences. Ms. Youngholm had quite a task coaching and boosting the moral of two seperate squads. Luckily, Dilworth Lees came to her aid and became her right hand man, remembered for his outrageous drills. By looking at the final record of the season, one cannot see the effort and improvement that occurred. Battered and low in spirit, the team approached its last game at St. Mark's without a single victory and boasting three frustrating ties in its ten previous contests. With nothing else to lose the team gave all it had, winning the game in overtime, a victory which can only be described as jubilent and a fitting end to the first girls' varsity soccer season.













The 1979 Varsity Soccer season began with hopes for a successful showing, but the coaches and team realized that it would have to develop a solid offense quickly if it hoped to rival the outstanding record of the previous year's champion-ship team. Most of the returning lettermen were defensive veterans including co-captains Tim Forster and Mike Curtis. We realised that we had a competitive defensive squad but needed to develop an effective offense from the younger members of the squad. Indeed, the squad which numbered 23 at the beginning of the season, included seven members of the Fourth Form. This fact gave the team the distinction of being one of the youngest (in overall composition) in recent years.

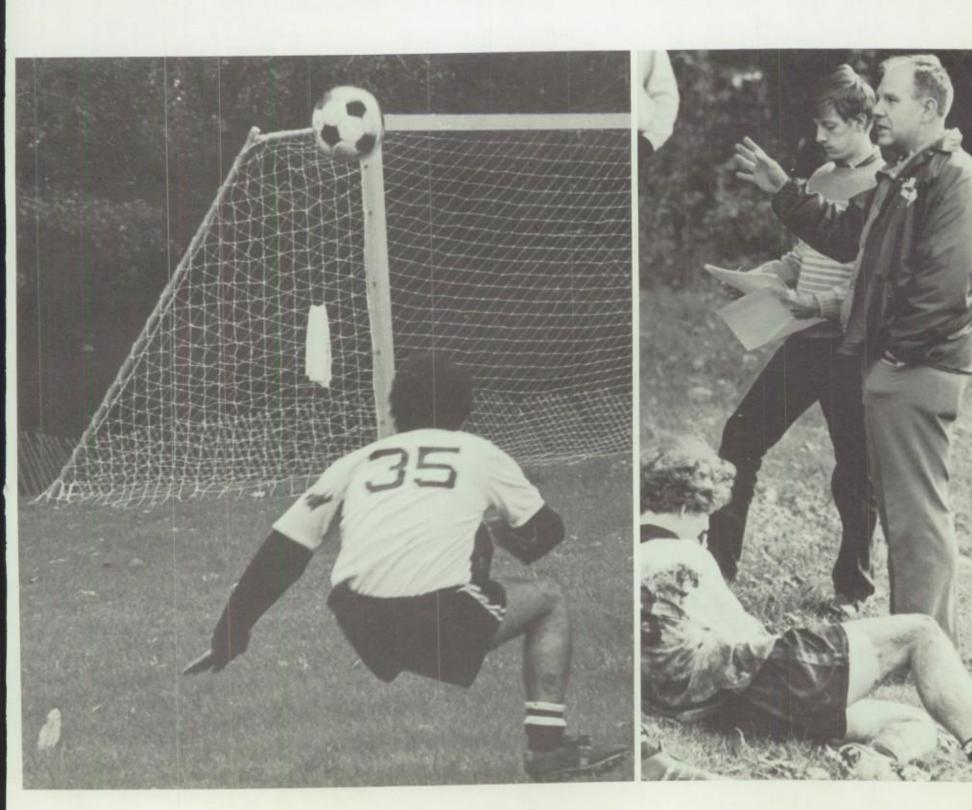
True to pre-season predictions, the team completed its first four games having scored only one goal, but allowing none against some tough opponents. Amazingly it was unbeaten and unscored upon! As the season progressed, the offense began to get and pick up much needed varsity game experience. As a result, it scored II goals in its last eight games while allowing only six, with no more than one goal per game being scored on one of the best defenses in the league. Only the league champion, Nobles, had a better defensive record. Despite the relative lack of offensive production, the team ranked in third place in the very competitive II team Gummere League by season's end.

As a tribute to an outstanding defense, co-captain Mike Curtis and goalie Steve Brown were unanimously selected to the All-League First Team, and centerback Josh Groves was named to the All-League Second Team.













Rear Row: Griffith, Mr. Choate, Mr. Congleton, Mr. Alexander.

Second Row: Monts, York, Von Weise, R. Walker, Thorndike, Briger, Carr, Johnson, Saltonstall, Wray.

Thrid Row: Mueenuddin, S. Walker, Rockwell, Caperton, Poter, Reagan, Harwood, Duff, Bell,

Fourth Row: Giuliano, Brackbill, Horan, O'Donnell, Hrasky, Mackay, Moore, Ashby, Galloway, Gardner.

Front Row: Black, Thaler, S. Kim, Salzman, Streaker (Capt.), Dilworth (Capt.), Hicks, Carvalho, Conzelman, Cook.



Rear Row: Mr. Lehrbach, Wheeler, Wilmerding, Foster, Balou, Camp, Blood, Baldwin, Bator, Mark Roberts, Rogers, Eyre, Mr. Schott. Middle Row: Biddle, Rogerson, S. Hill, Colburn, Mike Curtis (Capt.), T. Forster (Capt.), Groves, Beatty, Florez, An. Reyes. Front Row: Gardiner, S. Brown.



Rear Row: Mrs. Holden, Rogerson, Forbes, White, Stanley, Welch, Gardner, Bennett.

Front Row: Bingham, Rimmer, Cunningham, Townsend (Capt.), Piasecki (Capt.), Emmons, Herbert, Steinert, Downing.





Rear Row: Porter, Howat, Durham, Gorczyca, Rich, Chapman (Capt.), Hyland, A. Davis, Smevog, Coleman, Harris. Middle Row: Carlin, Marshall, Sutro, K. Roberts, Swords, Booth, Hicks, Jacobson, Robbins.

Front Row: Mali, Earle, Callahan, Cox, Fischer, E. Davis.





Rear Row: Steward, D. Taylor, Chapin, Sampas, Jacobson, Carothers, Monts, Mueenuddin, Cherry, S. Brown, H. Taylor, J. Guth, Childs. Second Row: Harvie, Blow, Perera, Hart, V. Smith, Sullivan, Cook, Chapman, A. Rogerson, Libby, P. Smith, Robinson, B. Wray, Bogert, Carvalho, Truax, Cunningham.

Thrid Row; Dorn, P. Robbins, Bolger, Phillips.

Front Row: Paul, Bennet, Jaskot, Keating, Fox, S. Collins, Howat, S. Walker, Benford.

DEBATING



Rear Row: Paul, M. Ward, Hart, Sampas, Harper, S. Smith, An. Reyes, Stephens, D. Forster, Al. Reyes, Windels. Front Row: H. Taylor, Masters, Snow, Beran, C. Wray.



Rear Row: Hart, D. Forster, Paul, Garrity, Wright, Hicks, Collins, Rasetti, Odim, Griffith, Benford, Harris.

Second Row: S. Hill, S. Smith, Rathborne, Crossman, Collerado-Mansfeld, M. Ward, Sutro.

Third Row: Sampas, V. Smith, Mackay, T. Collins, Fischer, Chapin.

Front Row: Bator, A. Perera, Libby, Nolen.

BAS



Rear Row: S. Hill, Void, LeBoeuf, Howlet, Robinson, Monts, Griffith, Burton, Manigault, Bell.

Front Row: Bennet, Burton,

Front Row: Bennet, Benford, Weathers, Harris.



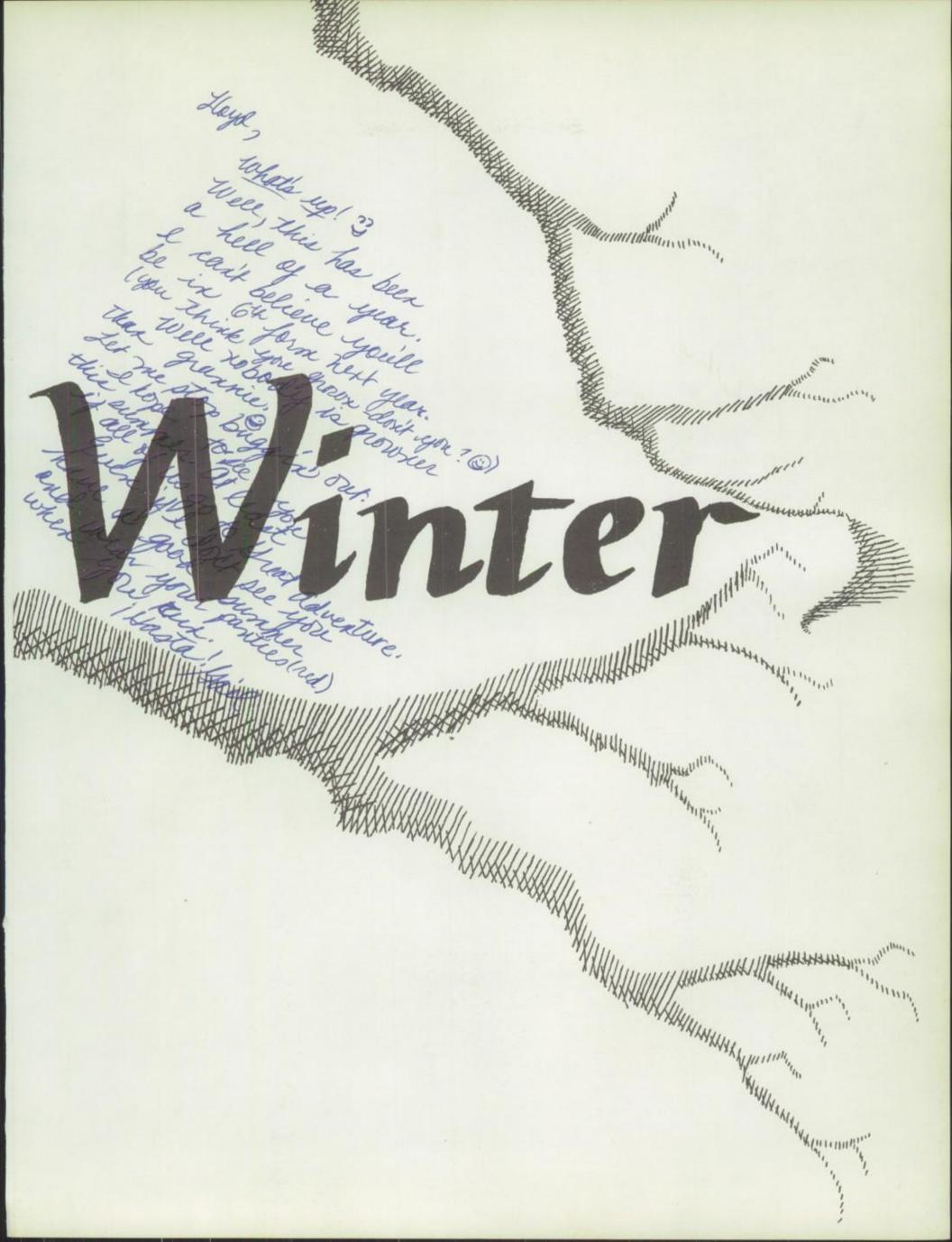
Rear Row: M. Ward, An. Reyes, Cook, Groves, Davison, Kulman, Perry, Mr. Myers.

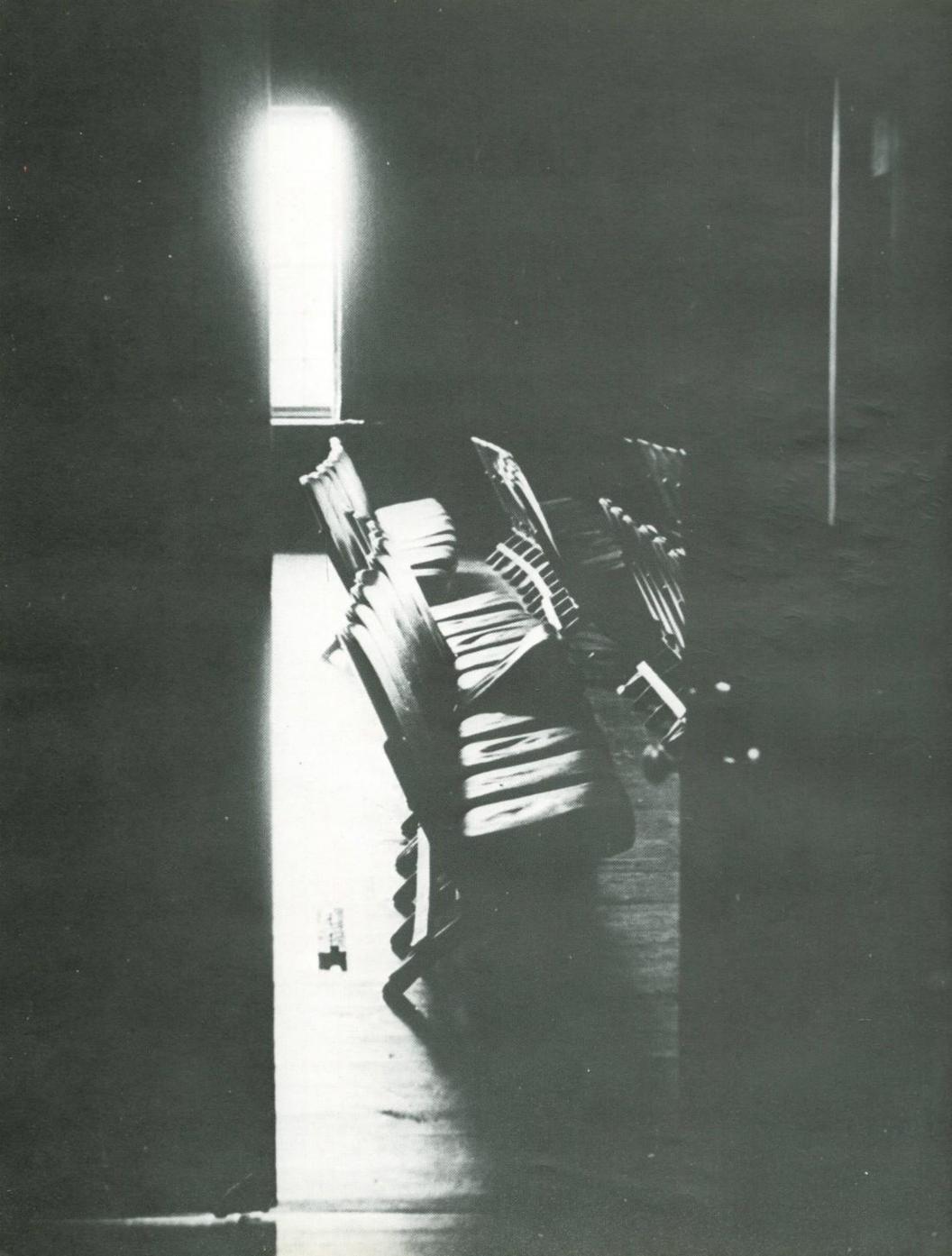
Front Row: O'Donnell, C. Wray, S. Kim, Gardner.

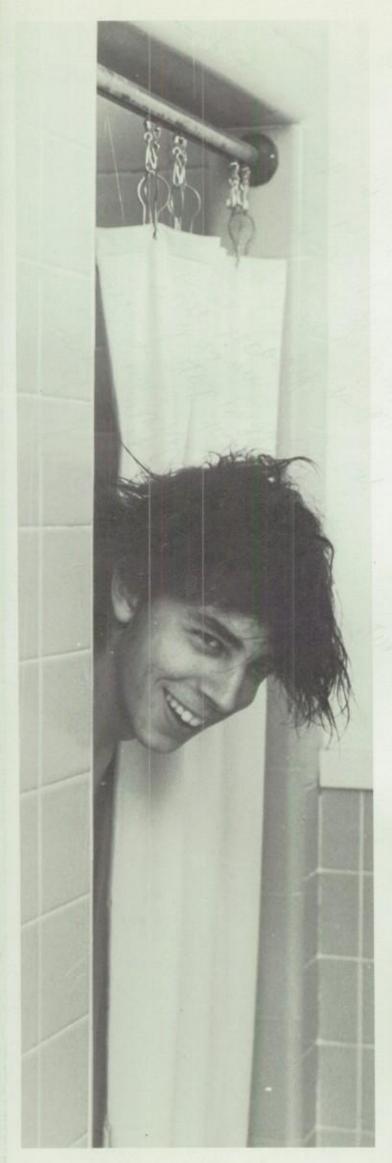
GROTONIAN



Rear Row: H. Taylor, Thaler, Medlinski, An. Reyes, Tsutsui, Collins, Al. Reyes, Jaskot, Rogerson, Slazman, Harper, Herbert. Front Row: Nolen, Mike Curtis, S. Kim, Meymand, P. Smith.

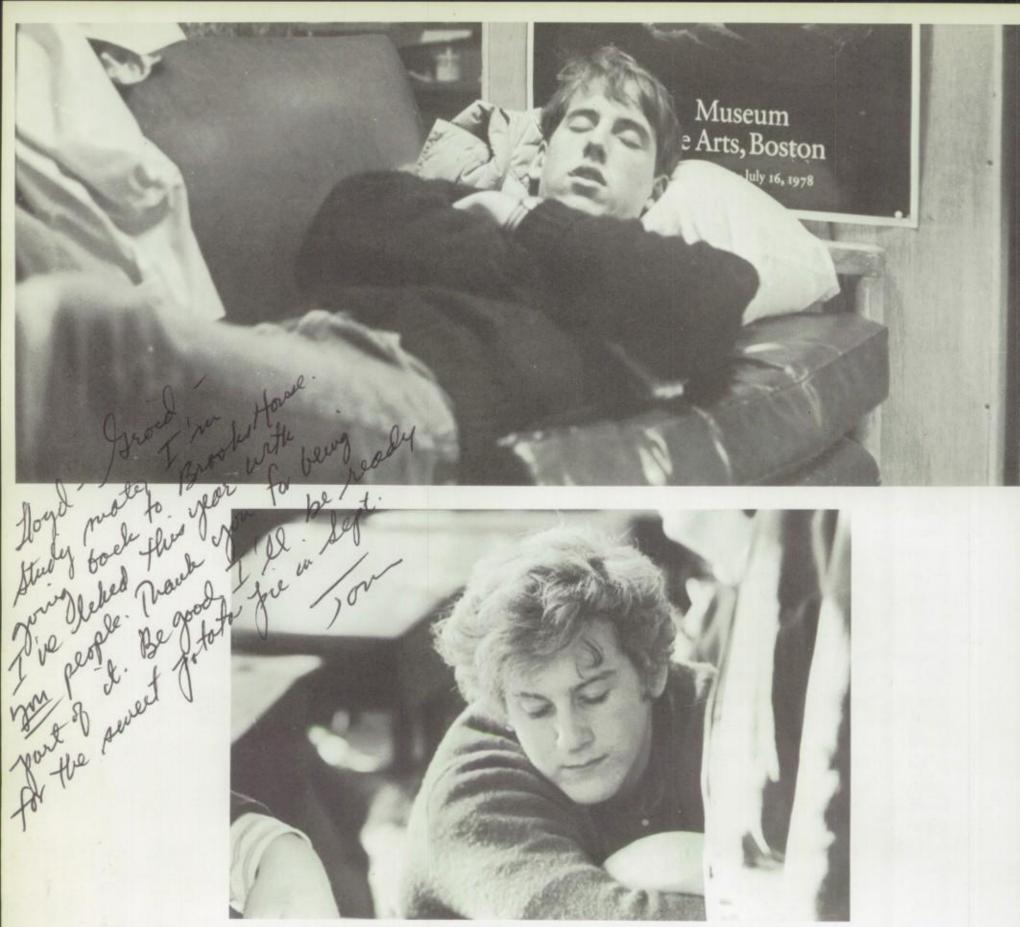
















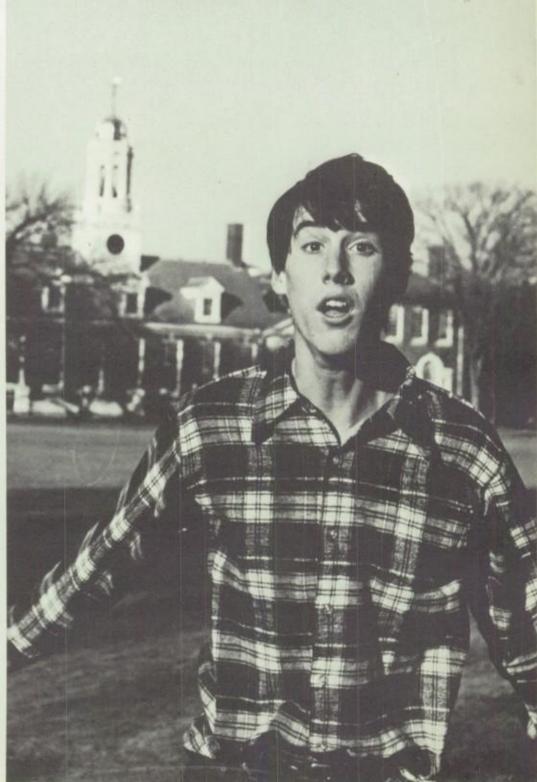


Winter term began its two week spurt. We were suddenly plunged into a new schedule, and sports began to take over some of our nights and much of our energy-especially for the water-skiing hour-exers.

The spirit of Christmas prevailded as we took to town, searching for interesting secret Santa presents. Bruce's Pharmacy, after all, had a limited stock of Santa pencils. The Service of Nine Lessons and Carols brought us willingly to Sunday Chapel, in spite of the change in program and program design.

Jean Kilborne gave a lecture on "Women in Advertising." She accurately showed us sexist ads (an air-brushed what?), and for days afterward we looked through magazines with an enlightened, skeptical, and offended eye.







"Julia" mesmerized her audience and was the first of Captain T's Special Events, which would later include "The Turning Point," "Foul Play" "MASH," and "Love Story." The next Saturday promising future rock and roll bands.

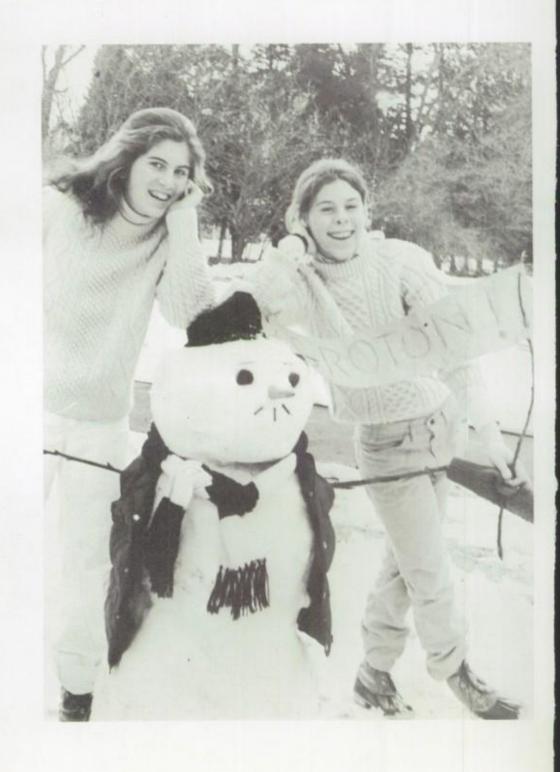
When Christmas Vacation came, there were brief snow flurries, which disappeared almost as quickly as the Grotties, welcoming three weeks of R and R.

1980. We had come upon a new decade. The Presidential elections were about to begin, the first time some of us would vote. It seemed like the eighties really did belong to us, to our generation. So we returned in January, with practice hitting the jocks in the face on the very first night.

To start off the true winter term we had the Festival of Lights. It was as beautiful as usual with the flames of the kings growing from three to three hundred.

Although we couldn't count on snow there were things that were predictable: the winter blues, pleas for Grot. material, and Mr. Holden's Monday morning energy show.

We had our first triple-X movie one Saturday and the fourth annual talent show on another. From the Catalysts to Gula's gang, this year's Talent Show was one of the best in its short history. Cup, Jock and the Straps returned to remind us of better times, and Tom dazzled us with his poetry. The second form took much of the show, and roles were also reversed with the Fabulous Faculty Four and a longer sequence by those less fabulous faculty members. Sean Smith showed us what Harvard is really like, and Mr. Dilworth, alongside his babes, sang almost as well as Justine and Megan. For a double finale, Chach greased up as Elvis, and the Bodies successfully closed the show.











8:00	-
Captain Ka	ngaroo6-7
☐ Star Blazer	s38
☐ Gilligan's Is	land56
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Cartoonsvil	le25
☐ Abbott & C	ostello27-38
☐ Woody Wo	odpecker56
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A.M. Weath	ner2

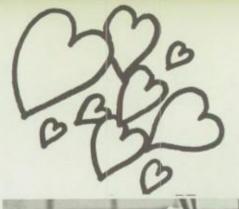
3:0	00
	General Hospital5-9-12
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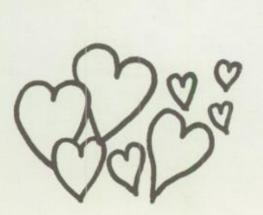
10:00
☐ News2-27
☐ Best of Saturday Night Live 4
☐ Dukes of Hazzard / The
Dukes agree to protect Boss
Hogg from hit men, not realizing
the chore requires taking him
into their home6-7
☐ When the Boat Comes In11
☐ Dick Cavett44

ALV E	7—ABORTION DILEMMA
	FOR KAREN ON KNOTS Knots Landing
	Dick Cavett Love, American Style

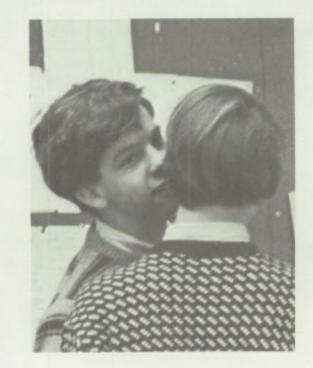








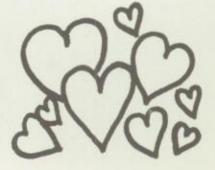














When George Will came to speak to us, he aroused criticism and fear. Michael Dukakis came a few weeks later to represent an opposite view. The seemingly hopeless situation in Iran and the implications of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan created a standstill for the U. S., and when President Carter gave his State of the Union address, we suddenly realized that he meant us when he said "selective service"; it was we he wanted, just in case.

The bad news on the local front began with SATs for the Fifth Form. While the Sixth Formers could sit back and "remember when it all began for us," and while the rest of the school could ignore it, the Fifth Formers were the ones who had to sit through three hours of computer games.

Then one morning 39 seniors forgot to go to chapel, and this spurred some over-zealous faculty members to go on mad rampages through dorm and chapel. So there was to be one more senior prank. But when the deans revoked senior extended curfew, the Molsons became more than a prank. Even toilet paper would have been funnier and smarter. Long Weekend wasn't long enough, and soon enough the count was ten in twenty--one days. Somebody somewhere got carried away.



Festivities included International Dinner Night and Valentine's Day, when carnations were sent to friends and lovers. Banjo Dan and the Mid-Nite Plowboys played bluegrass in the chapel to an enthusiastic audience (which got its priorities mixed up and left midway through).

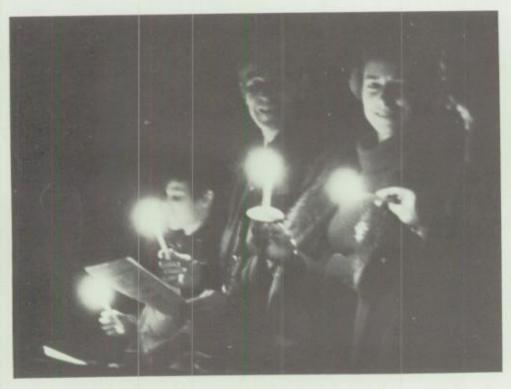
For the better part of the term, winter seemed more like a cold spring. When the snow finally came, we revelled in it with cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, snowballing, and the forgotten art of banking.

Retreating indoors is a common winter symptom. This year the indoors was made easier by the 1980 Winter Olympics. Eric Heiden won five gold medals, and our ice hockey team came out number one. Besides the Olympics, there was always work, discussions on Groton life, or the A. V. room, with "Coming Home" or "2001: A Space Odyssey".

The Fifth Form spent a day in Boston via Culture Day. Groups visited the Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Science, the Aquarium. the Federal Reserve Bank, ethnic neighborhoods, the Combat Zone Lunch at Fanneuil Hall turned into an eating marathon, and the afternoon was spent watching movies or touring museums. Mrs. Nusbaum's investigated Italian Pastry shops and they ducked into the "European Cappuchino" for a pizza. All in all, a day well spent. And although the rest of the school was envious of the Fifth Form's day off, the Sixth Formers remained undaunted in the knowledge that their turn would come in spring.

The last week of Winter Term was anticlimactic, as the snow came more reluctantly, and the days grew into the longer hours of spring. In spite of last minute papers and tests, the time before vacation disappeared, dissolving under the onslaught of the sun.

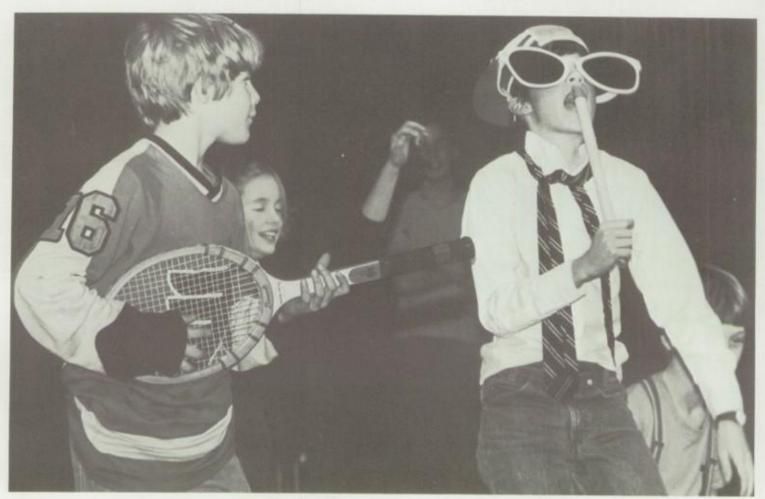






















idsummer ight's Dream









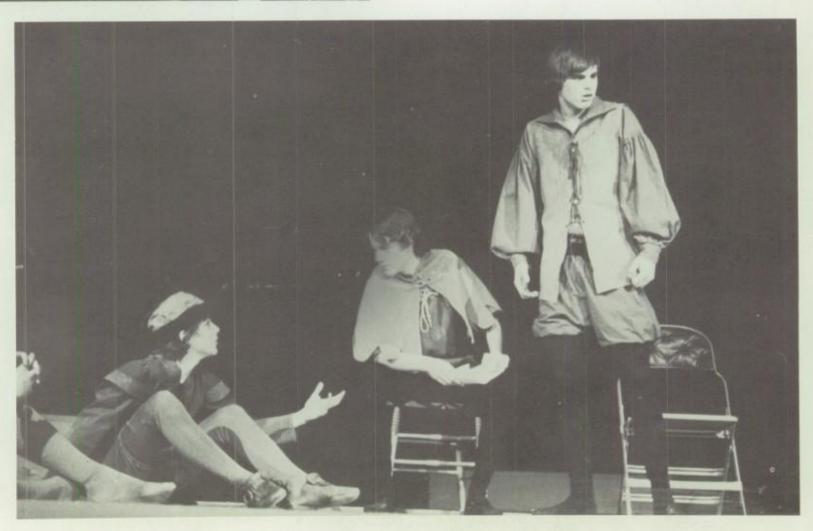


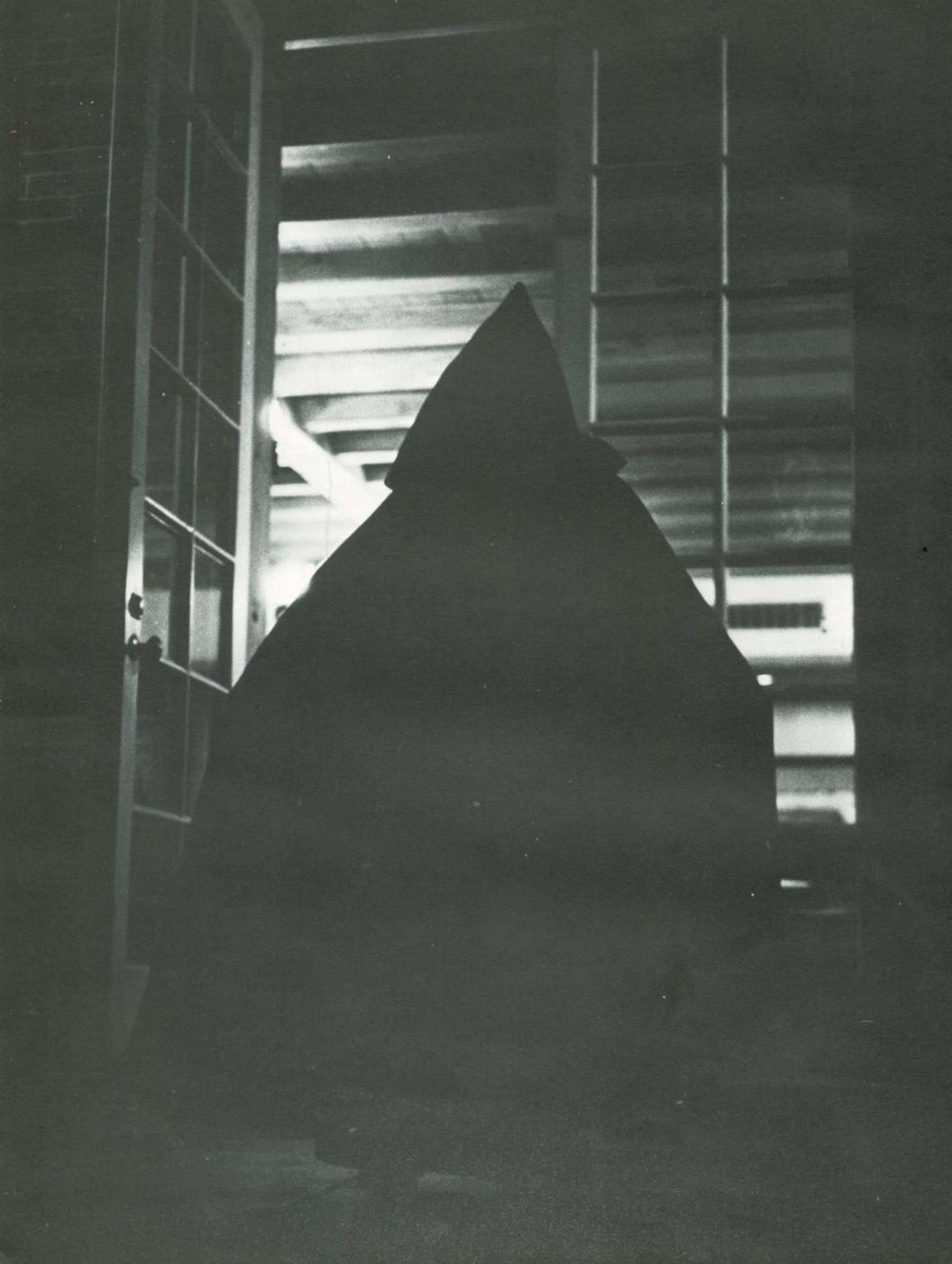


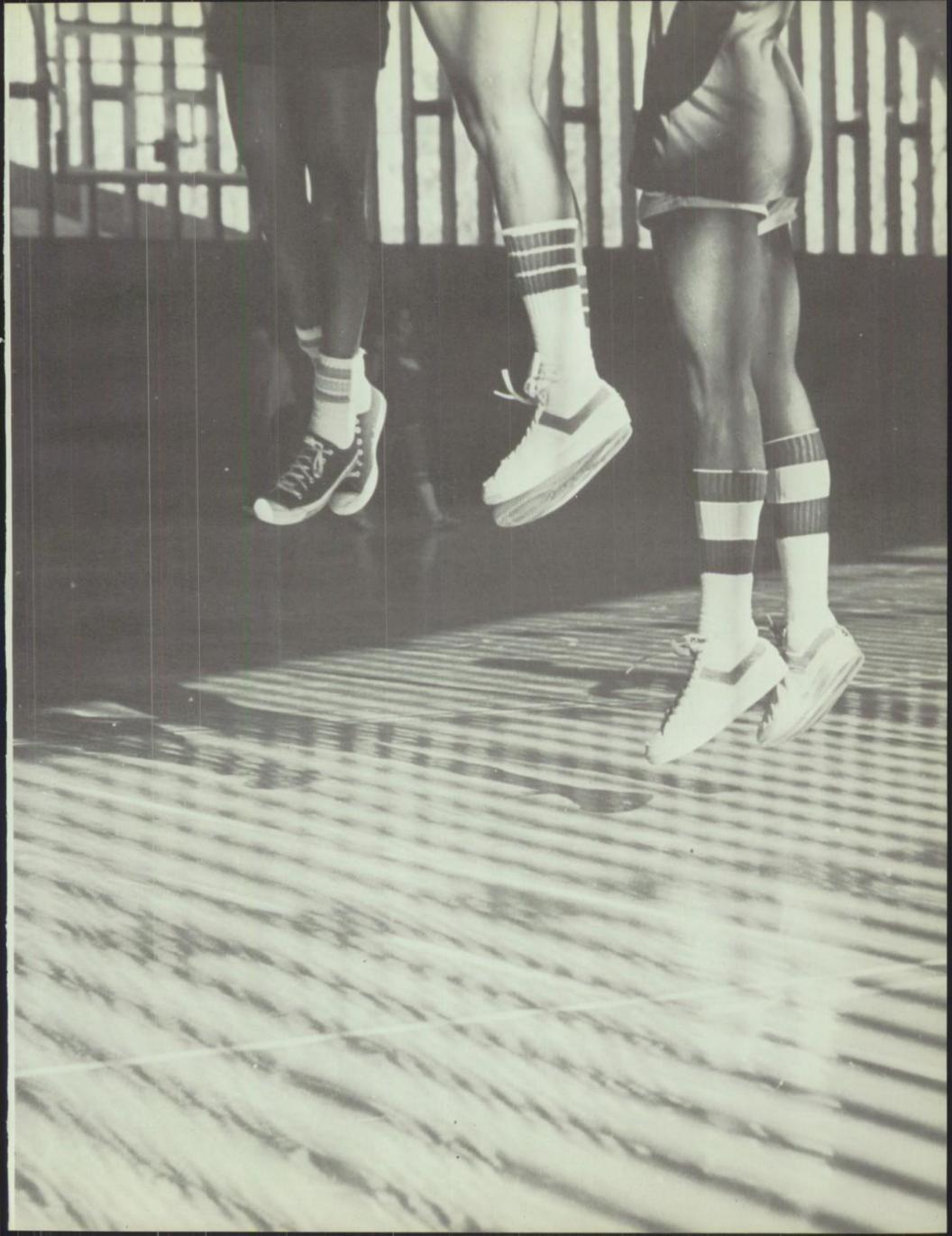


The Dramatics Association's winter production with Peter Cook as Theseus ,and Hawley Truax as Peter Quince, the "lyric and prosaic part" excelled. From the poise of the Queen Hippolyta and her court to the rude, conceited, amusing, and capitally capricious Nick Bottom and his cohorts, the excitement never subdued. "The interchange of loves and laughter" rarely ceased between the distraught Hermia and the inconstant Lysander, the bewildered Helena and the arrogant Demetrius, or even between the audience and the lovers themselves. John Hart's powerful portrayal of the mysterious Oberon, commanding and in control, but vulnerable in his love for Rachel Chapman, the deceptively languid queen of the fairies, and Tory Smith's Puck, all brought into sharp relief the pleasingly incomprehensible world of ny mphs and sprites.

A Midsummer Night's Dream was a play for the imagination, a play in which, like love, one looks with the eyes not, but with the mind. David Taylor and his crew perfomed miracles once again, and Katie Esslinger's music added to the imagination of the production. But to Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard must go the principal credit, for having woven together so skillfully the threads of the theater, of fancy, of ordered reality into so pleasing a pattern.











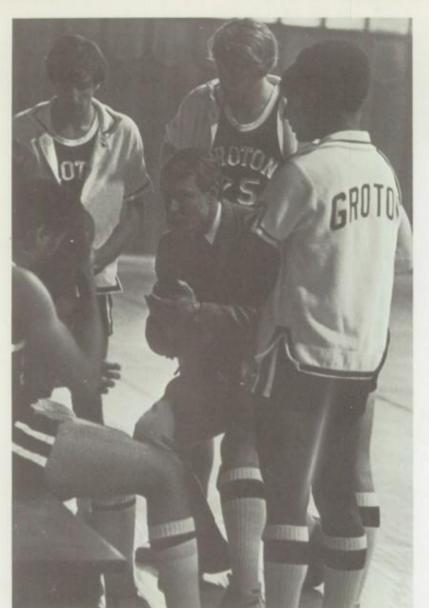
Cross-Country:Back Row, Coach Sideman, C. Wray, McHenry, R. Colloredo-Mansfeld, A. Greene, Peabody, Hamel. Third Row, Jo. Brown, Perry, Ames, Considine, Sampas, Crossman, Wiley, Lobl. Second Row, Reagan, Ch, Curtis, Harvey, Hicks Gorczyka, Beaudin(capt.) Ward, Gannon: K.Roberts(capt.), W. Foster, Callahan, Collins, Wu.

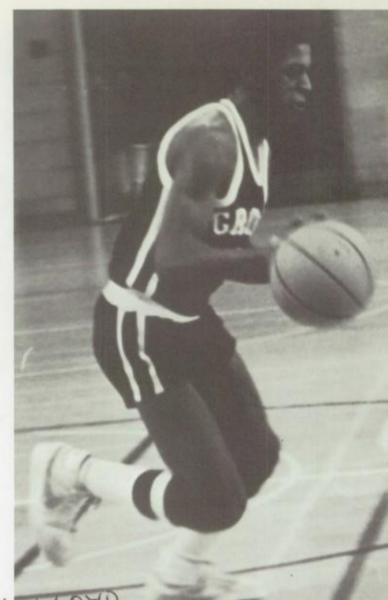


Unfortunately, the 1980 cross-country ski team was never given the opportunity to show their abilities. The lack of snow provided for a disasterous season. Despite the terrible weather conditions, the team kept training, waiting for the great blizzards of years past.

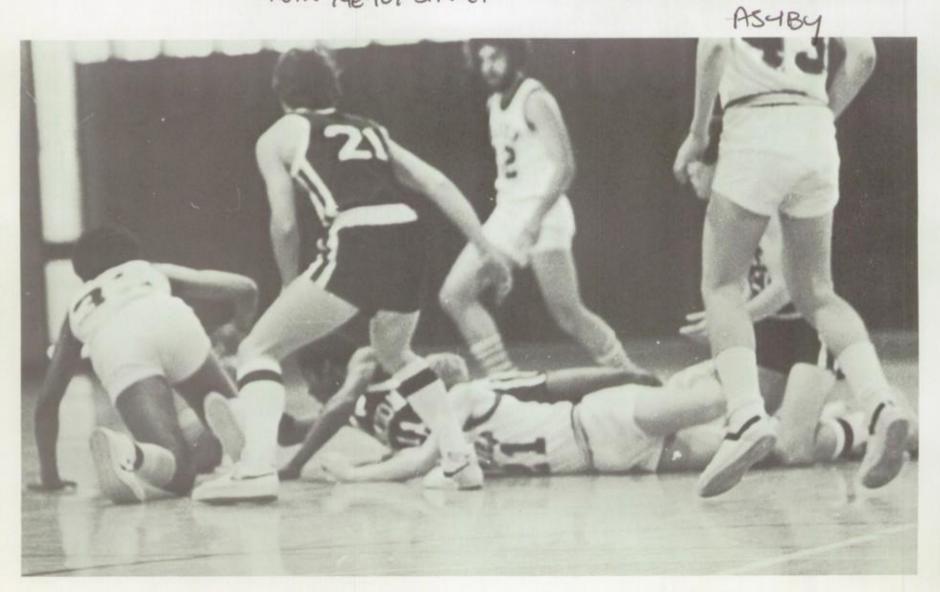
Halfway through the season we travelled to Middlesex to compete in an orientieering race with the eight other teams in the league. It was an entertaining afternoon. John Gannon and Kate Blow finished first for Groton. After running into severe jungle-boogying problems, the Perry-Curtis team was forced to resign from the race, a terrible blow for Groton.

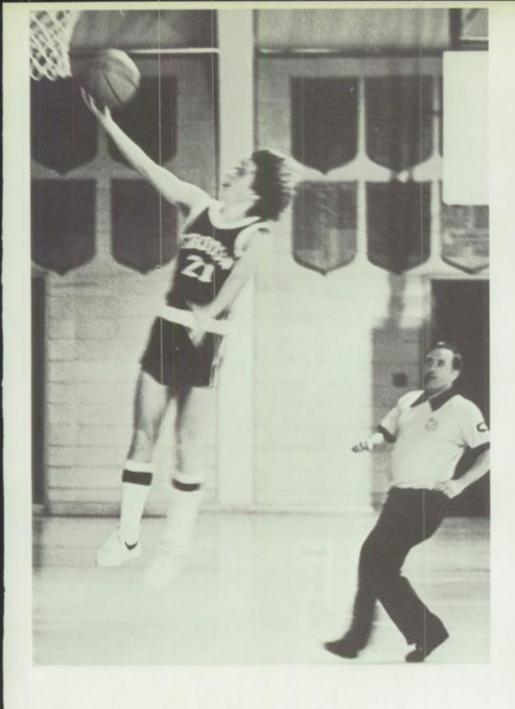
We returned from long weekend rested and more determined than ever that it would snow. Still lacking the essential ingredient, Adam took to Kathy's rollerskis and was the big hit. With only three weeks left in the season, the Revolutionary Council was formed from the remnants of the disbanded team. The council proved too defiant for our peace-loving coach, Mr. Sideman. Hence, the season came to an end. The team posted an optimistic o-o record, only to hear ugly rumors of no letters for our dedicated efforts.





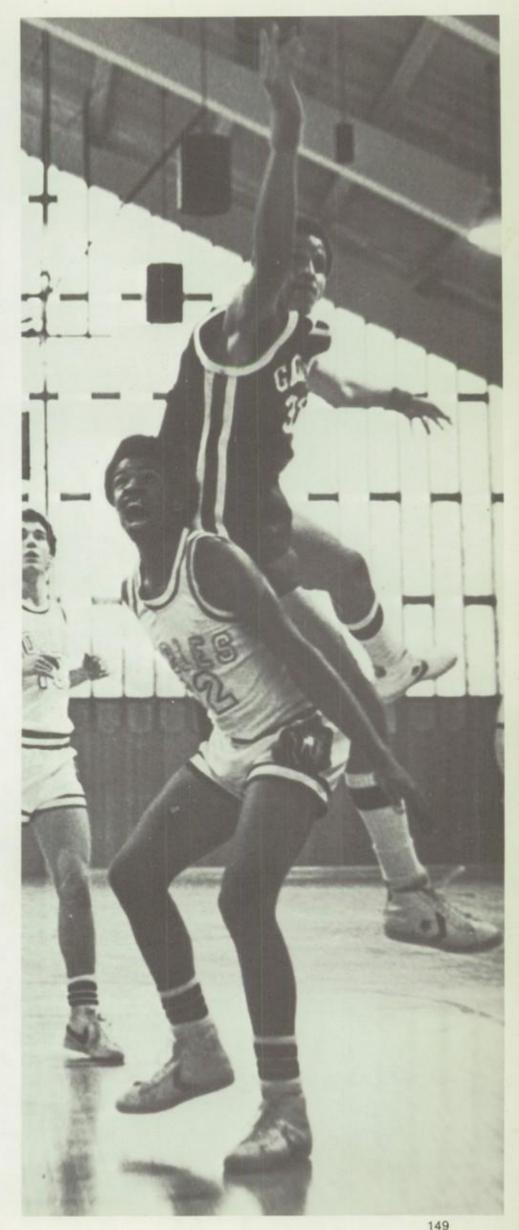
HAVE FUN IN THE SUMMERTIME AND GET AWAY
FROM THE HOT STREETS. FOR NOW, CARRY ON BROHER...



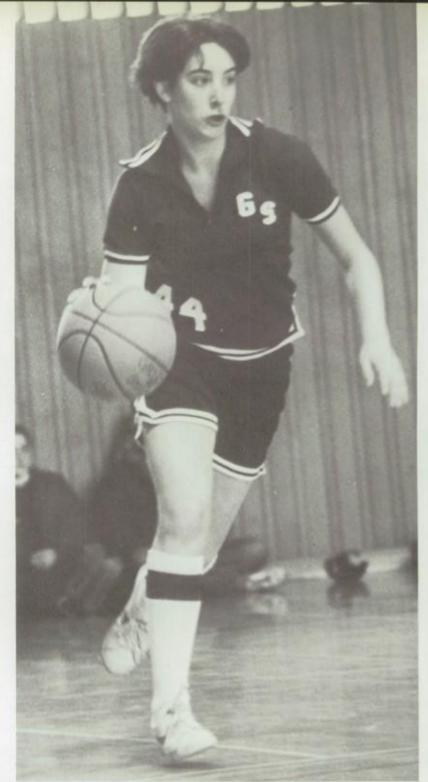


The varsity boys' basketball team had a solid season ending with a strong win over St. Mark's, 61-47. It was Hicks's scoring and rebounding which carried Groton this season. Hicks averaged 14.6 points per game and pulled down an average of 11 rebounds per game. Guard Tim Forster averaged 11.7 points per game and scored 19 points in his best game against Roxbury Latin. Three juniors, all. of whom improved greatly as the season progressed, were the other three starters. Forward Andrew Walter averaged 7.7 points per game, and his ball handling ability allowed us to run a devastating three guard press break. Forward Tony Ashby was the team's second highest rebounder, a remarkable feat for someone less than six feet tall. Ashby averaged eight points per game, and his improvement was exceptional in the last three games. Andrew Gansa was the other guard, and his quickness, ballhandling, and defense were very strong.

Strong contributions to the team were made by Chip Von Weise, whose rebounding improved greatly over the season. Forwards Emmett O'Donnell and Tim Dilworth always gave their full abilities in games, and their hard work helped make this team a winner. Kevin Griffith and Stephen Hill came into many pressure situations during the season and did the job well.









The girls' varsity basketball team completed the regular season with an impressive 14-1 record. Returning from last year's squad was a group of skilled and dedicated women, with most of the starters having played together for the past three years. Coming from down the road were "Rocky" Rhoads and Tracy "Taco" DeGray, with back court support from "Dunker" Downing and "Fast Break "Foster. Supplying brain and brawn under the boards were "Mighty" Mikel Durham and "Fumble Fingers" Ferguson. But the team could never be complete without that inseperable pair; "Planet Yingholm" and "Mo Dog" Bragdon. Hard-driving and quite knowledgable, about the game, they led us on to a successful season. Part of their training program consisted of a man to man defense, full court press, sprints, and a heavy consumption of pizza and doritos. Co-captain Lukie "Leadfoot" Osborne led the team in scoring with 152 points.

The season went well until the loss to Thayer. We had been ahead by thirteen points at the first half, but lost our confidence under Thayer's full court press, and lost in overtime by six points. The team developed an able defense led by Sally "Quick Foot" Townsend, who drew the toughest defensive assignments each game, and by Angela "Big Butt" Harris, who dominated the boards, Alex "Poop" Steinert and Co-captain Nicole "Pea-Brain" Piasecki directed the offense as point guards. Most of the season did not pose any problem except B.B. and N., St. Paul's, and Nobles. We were determined to beat the three year undefeated Nobles team, and did so 40-38.

The hard work showed up in a league championship title, and a final record of 14-1. Post season play included the Exeter Tournement, where we were seeded number one, and a local tournament that finished three days into Spring Vacaion.

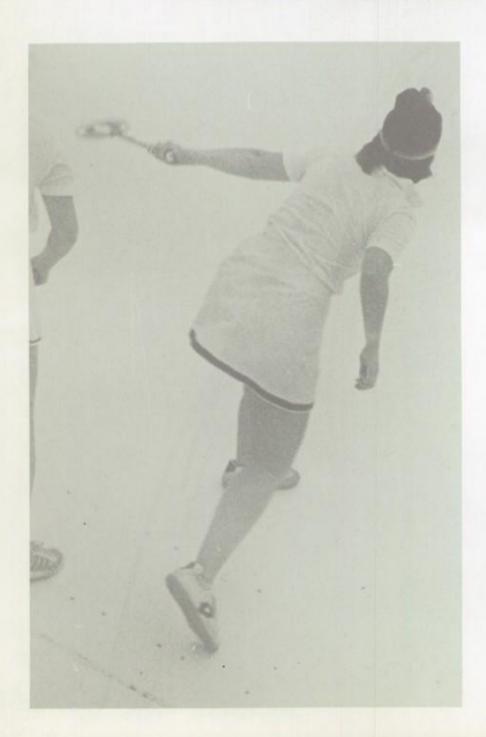








Girls' Squash: Back Row, Coach Bannard. Front Row, Spurdle, Carlin, Stanley, E. Davis (capt.), Bornstein, Knowlton, Herbert.



The girl's squash team began practice after Thanksgiving, knowing that it had a great deal of work to do to try to compensate for the loss of eight seniors from last year's team. We were immediately encouraged as we placed a third in the New England Interscholastic Team Tournament at Yale.

In pre-Christmas matches the teamwarmed up with easy wins over Middlesex and Commonwealth before the first big test and subsequent win against a talented Exeter team.

The team returned from vacation and easily defeated Milton before losing both to Andover and to St. Paul's. Repeat wins over Milton and Middlesex and a second loss to St. Paul's set the stage for the return match with Andover. With everyone playing at her best, the team recorded its first victory ever over Andover, 3-2. We could not maintain the same level of play, and

The team ended the season with the Interscholastics at Choate. Everyone performed beyond expectations, as Captain Davis avenged earlier defeats to reach the finals of the A division consolation. Emily Knowlton won two matches to reach the semi-finals, before losing to the eventual winner. In the B division, Emily Stanley upset the number one seed in the first round, and reached the finals. In the C division, Megan Spurdle rebounded from a quarter final defeat to win the consolation round. Crista Herbert won four out of five matches and the E division consolation round. In the end, Groton won third place, carrying off the best season ever.

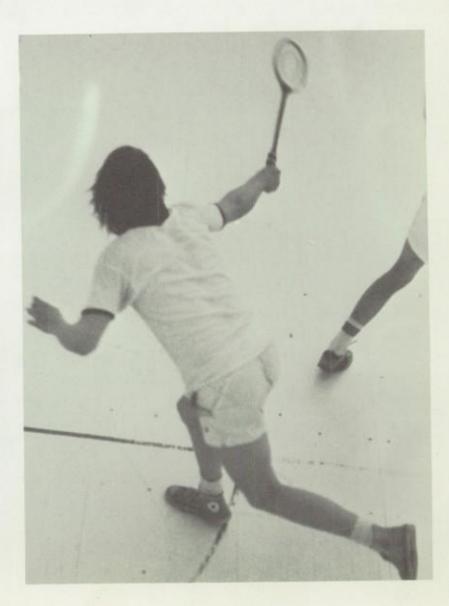


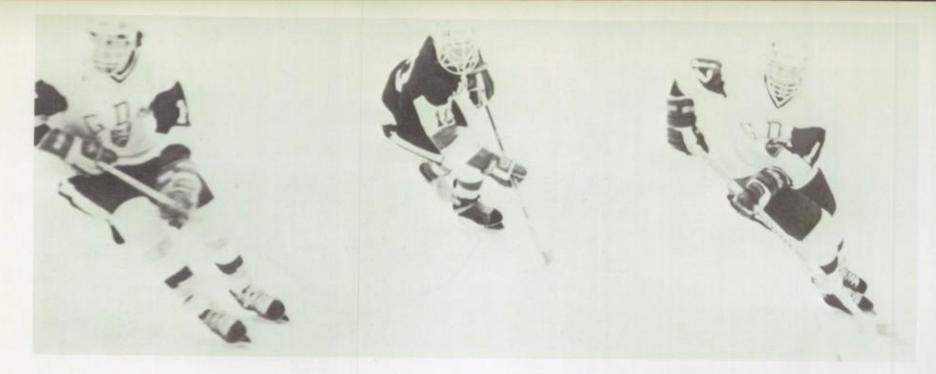
The boys' squash team, with only two returning lettermen, faced a tough schedule. Such traditional powers as Exeter, St.Paul's and Milton each beat us once while Brooks and a fine Belmont Hill team defeated us twice. Our victories were gained over Middlesex (4-1), Harvard Freshmen (4-1), and MIT Freshmen (5-0). We lost our return match with Middlesex (3-2) largely because we were missing Ted Wheeler at number one. I am grateful to Peter Beatty for his fine leadership as Captain. The six people who comprised the line-up during the season were Ted Wheeler, Peter Beatty, Jim Conzelman, Rudi Laveran, Harry Davison, and David Black. The J.V.'s, under the capable guidance of Mr. Tyler, broke even in twelve matches. The line-up consisted of Fletcher Harper, Mark Roberts, William Rand, Mike Bator, Lincoln MacVeagh, Jeff Rockwell, and Greg Katsas.





Boys' Squash: Back Row, Wheeler, Beatty(capt.), Black, Coach Alexander. Front Row, Conzelman, Laveran, Davison.





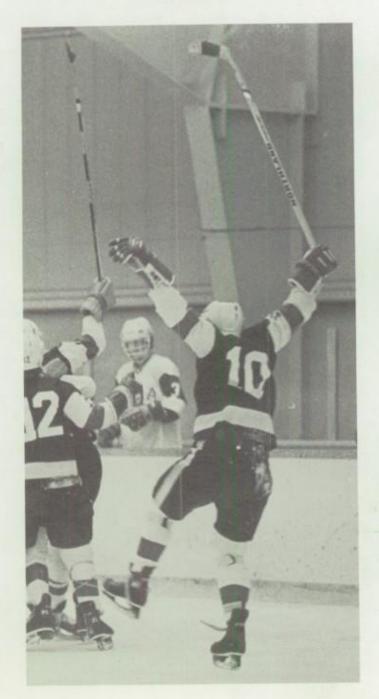
The 1980 season was a frustrating one for the boys' varsity hockey team. Due to a series of freak injuries, the team never lived up to its preseason potential. Although the team managed to win only three games and tie another, they have a lot to be proud of. The Eberhart division of the Independant School League was stronger than ever this year, and most of our opponents were simply able to wear us down. However, particularily during the second half of the season, the team gave their best effort every game and never quit trying until the final buzzer. The team improved a great deal as the season progressed, and beat both Brooks and Rivers, two teams who had beaten them earlier by decisive margins.

Co-captains Michael Curtis and Gus Rogerson provided excellent leadership and set a fine example with their hustling, aggressive play. Sixth Formers Ben Colburn and Stewart Kim worked hard all season and scored several key goals. Although he didn't play much, David Strandberg performed well when called upon, and on several occasions, was a great help to the J.V. team. Fifth Formers Sandy Ballou, Jeb Brackbill, Greg Duff, Steve Eyre, David Foster, John Rhinelander, Brian Rogers, and Fourth Formers Pip Blood, Bill Camp, and Clint Johnson will all return and should provide the nucleus for a much improved 1981 team.



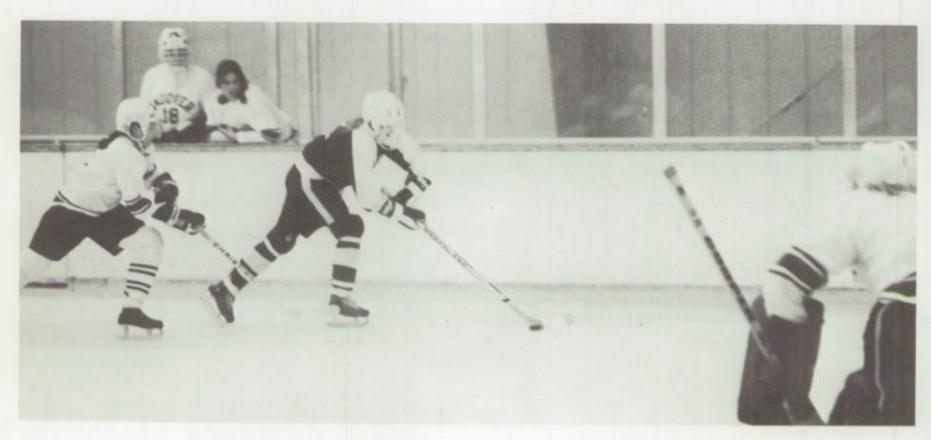


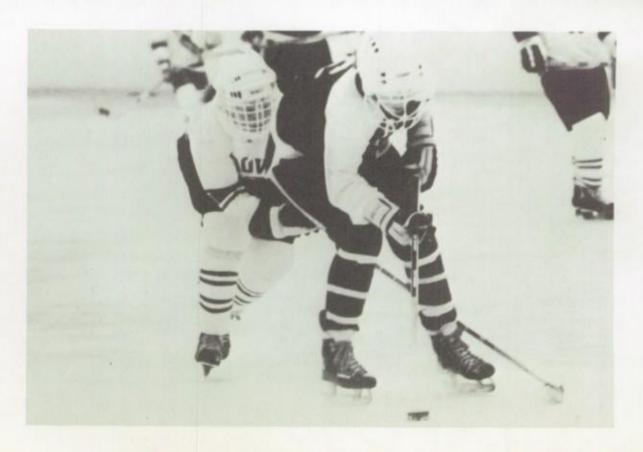


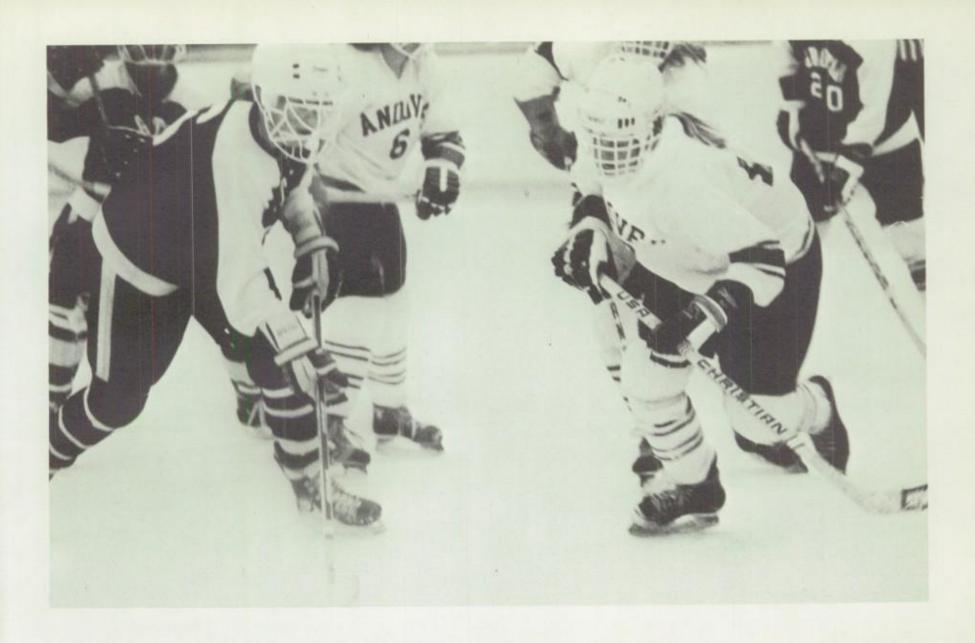














The girls varsity hockey team gained considerable respectability this winter by its 3-3-1 record and the knowledge that our opponents took us seriously.

The season opened with a 3-1 victory over St. George's and closed with a 2-1 verdict over Nobles. In between, Andover, the top girls team in New England, had to come from behind twice to edge us 3-2 and then 6-3 on two late third period goals. After taking Holderness 1-0, we had a disappointing 2-1 loss to Concord Academy and a 3-3 overtime tie in a return game.

The scoring was distributed among nine players with Anne Bingham leading the team with five goals and five assists, followed by Isabelle Booth, Bunny Forbes, Mollie Rimmer, and cocaptain Anne Whittemore with four points. Seeing full action in addition to these players were co-captain Adair Mali, Caroline Coleman, Lydia Faesy, Diana Rathborne, Becky White, and Lilly Zimmermann. Julia Erhart, Julie Herman, Paige Johnson, Holly Smevog, Bonnie Welch, and Maureen Coleman saw limited game time, but were vital contributors to our practices.



Boys' Basketball: Back Row: Coach Holden, A. Walter, Ashby, Hicks(capt.), Von Weise, Forster, Gansa, S. Smith(mgr.). Front Row: Griffith, O'Donnell, S. Hill.



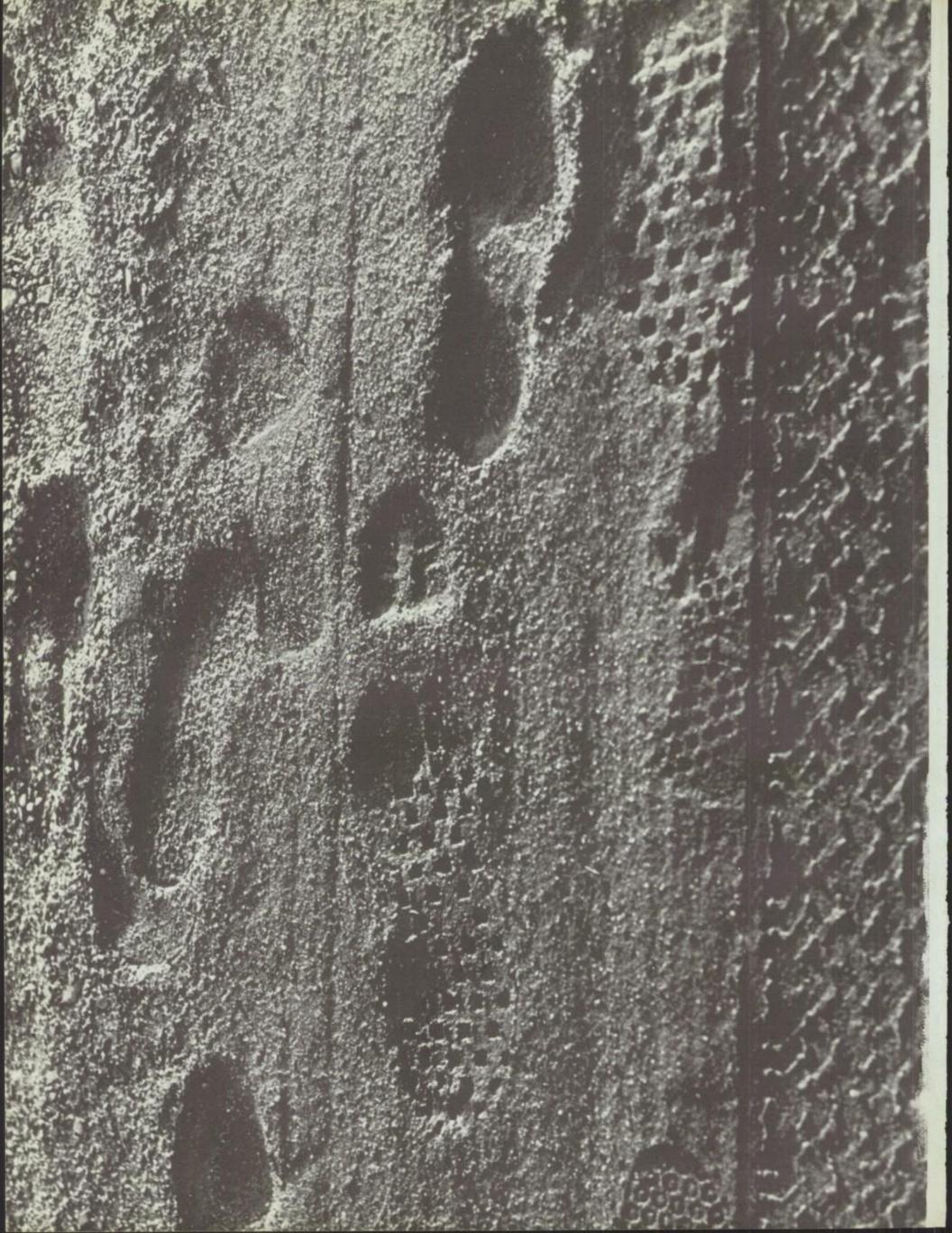
Girls' Basketball: Back Row, Coach Youngholm, DeGray, Downing, Durham, Townsend, Harris, Rhoads, Ferguson, Steinert, Foster, Asst. Coach Bragdon. Front Row, CO-capts. Osborne and Piasecki.



Girls' Hockey: Back Row, Coach O'Brien, Welch, Coleman, Smevog, Faesy, Johnson, Rimmer, Herman, White. Front Row, Rathborne, Booth, A. Bingham, Mali(co-capt.), Whittemore(co-capt.), Forbes, Zimmerman.

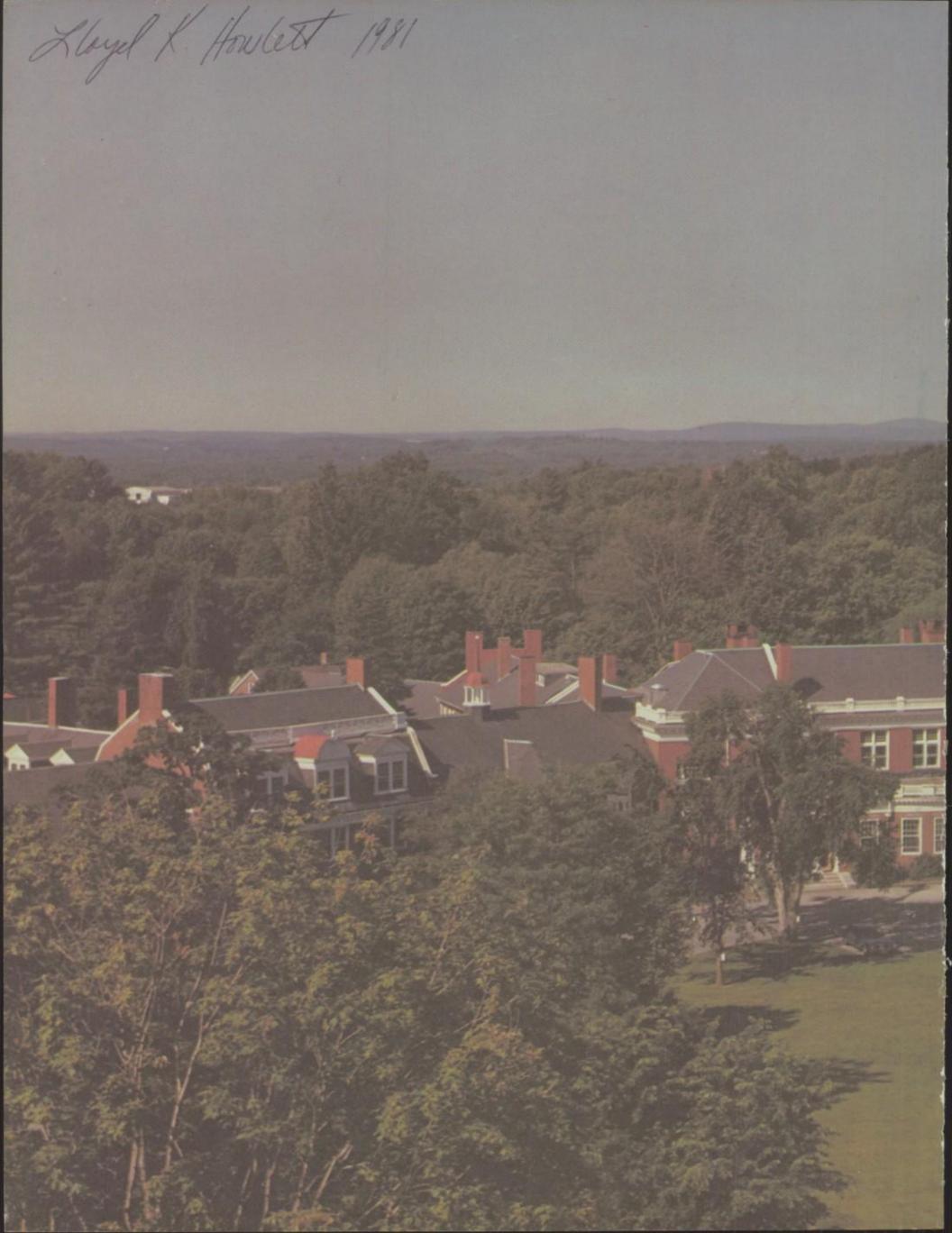


Boys' Hockey: Back Row, Asst. Coach Inglis, Wilmerding(mgr.), Rogers, J. Rhinelander, Garrity, Brackbill, Duff, Ballou, D. Foster, Camp, Coach Choate. Front Row, Eyre, Kim, Colburn, G. Rogerson(co-capt.), M. Curtis(co-capt.), Johnson, Strandberg, Blood.



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I to as long as formance. Lave, (for as long as you want me to) Annie Jahnson Sylvanon Sylvano Huack D. ono3



Dell, this year it wally over and it wally west fast. Divertal the fore lad to an arguments but lett olay?

The anguements but like, olay?

The anguements the fact times, over always, remember the fact times. Fore always, Spring



A sense of the change not only in the season but also in the mood begins the move outdoors. From sunporch to Circle to field. There is no doubt that we render holy what is nothing more than spring. The general concensus about spring term at Groton is that it is meant to be enjoyed. Down jackets, cross country skis and long underwear are exchanged for frisbees, bicycles and shorts. The Circle, to the dismay of the Deans, is invaded by droves of avid stickballers and the devoted sun worshippers. The relative calm of winter term is forgotten as late night commando raids across The Circle become the maxim.

April was a tough month of practicing on wet fields and waiting for the brief spurts of sunshine. But the spring days that are rightfully ours did not fail to come. Steak feeds, cookouts, trips to Harvey's rec., and all the things that mean spring sustained us in the last and best few months of the year.

The first weekend brought forth a D.J. from FM 105, and the strangest dancers in the School. Dorm skits provided a brilliant display of talent,

especially from the Brooks House clan. Then we had our version of roller boogie and a revival of Casino Night, which featured delicious strawberry Daiquiris and a bandit-brigade led by Ruth Elwood.

Of course we didn't lose our ever persistent seriousness. Two baptisms on Easter Sunday, a number of confirmations, and the blessing of a crab and a piranha fulfilled our religious requirements. Debating returned this term and so did the issue of intervisitation. The School itself was carefully scrutinized by an evaluation committee.

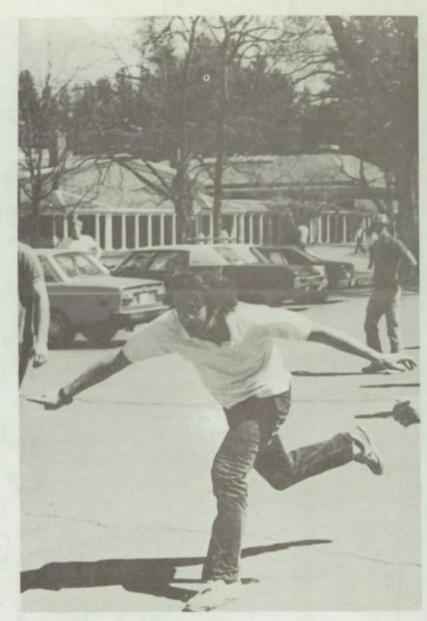
There were many cultural performances. The choir practiced endlessly for Vivaldi's Gloria, and the madrigals decided to live in The Chapel until their performance at Fitchburg. The musically inclined among us staged Gilbert and Sullivan's Iolanthe to a full house three nights in a row. There were numerous French plays and a performance of Jean-Paul Sartre's No Exit. The Dramatics Association put on Thornton Wilder's Our Town, with excellent performances by the cast.

Damn Hoyd, don't I look incredibly intelligent? Take it cary-











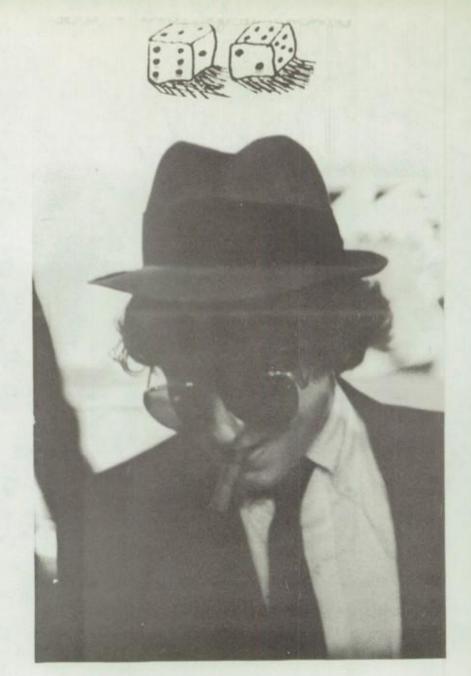


















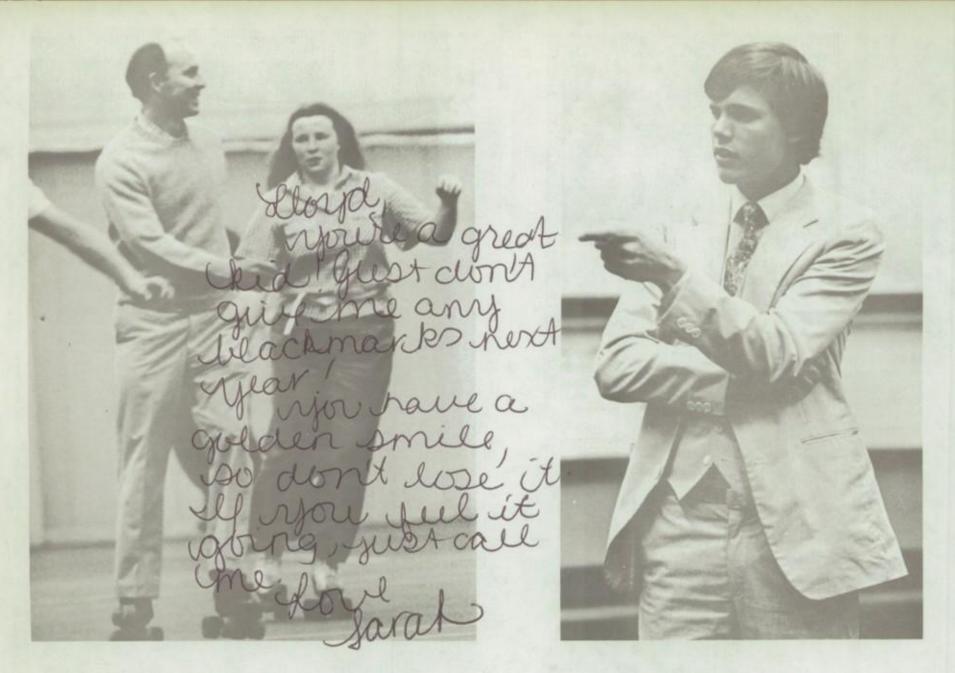




















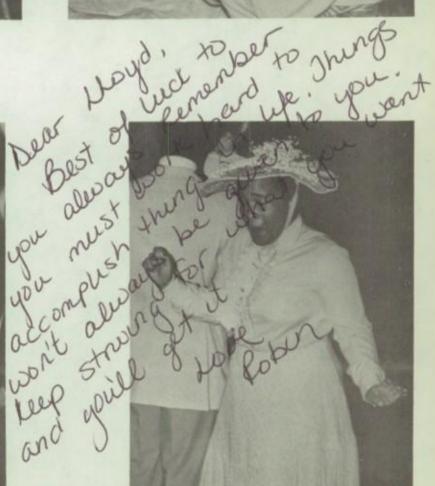


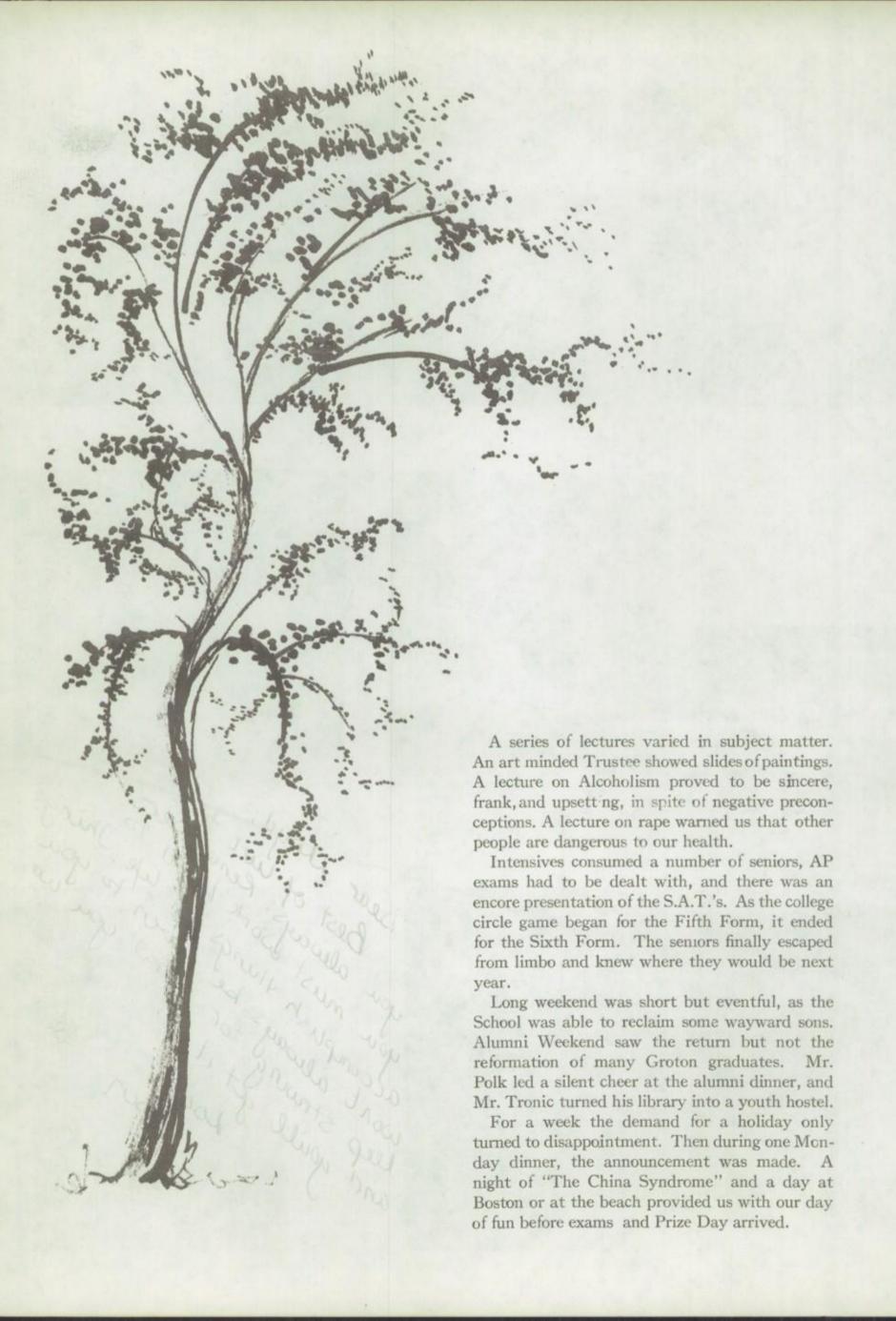


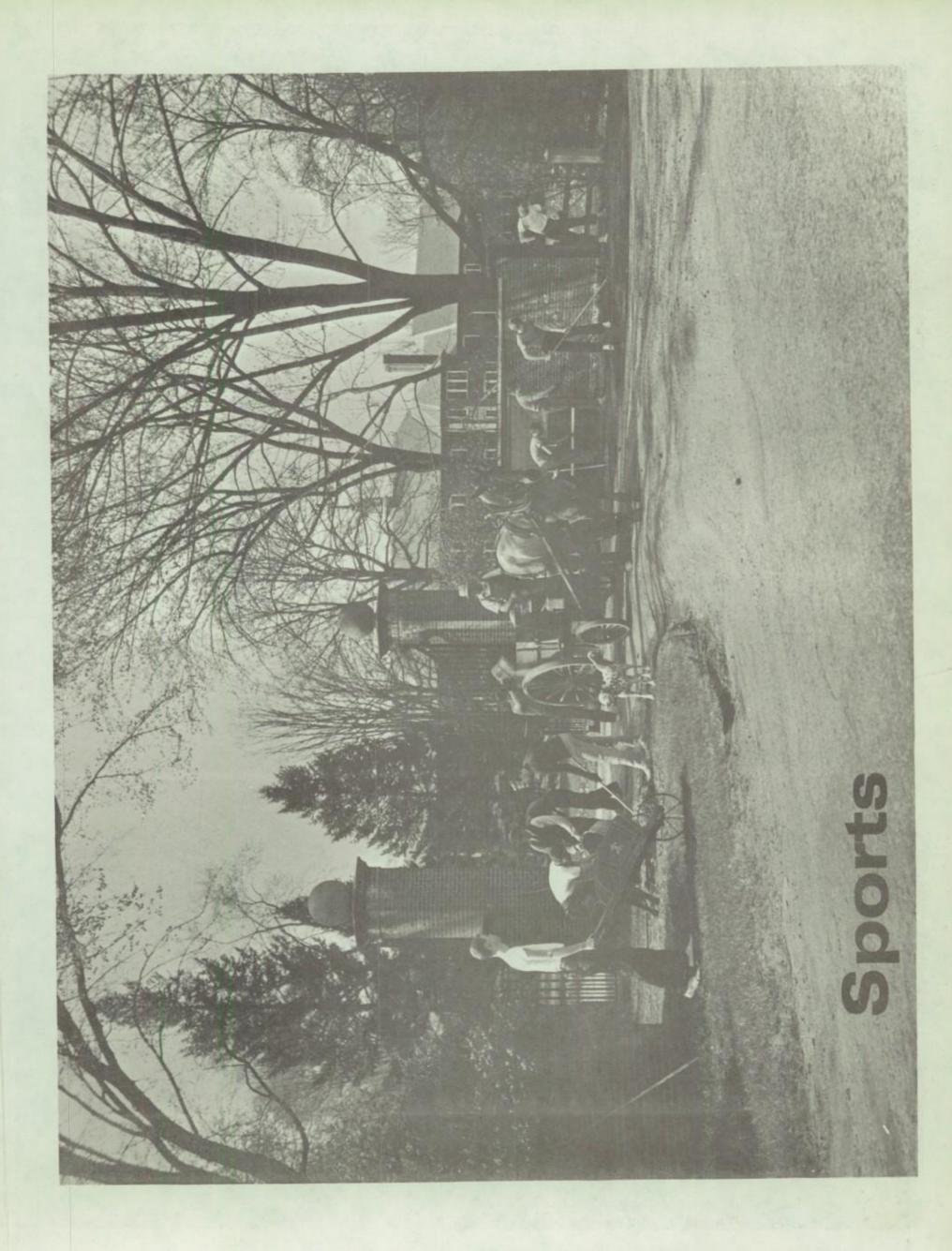


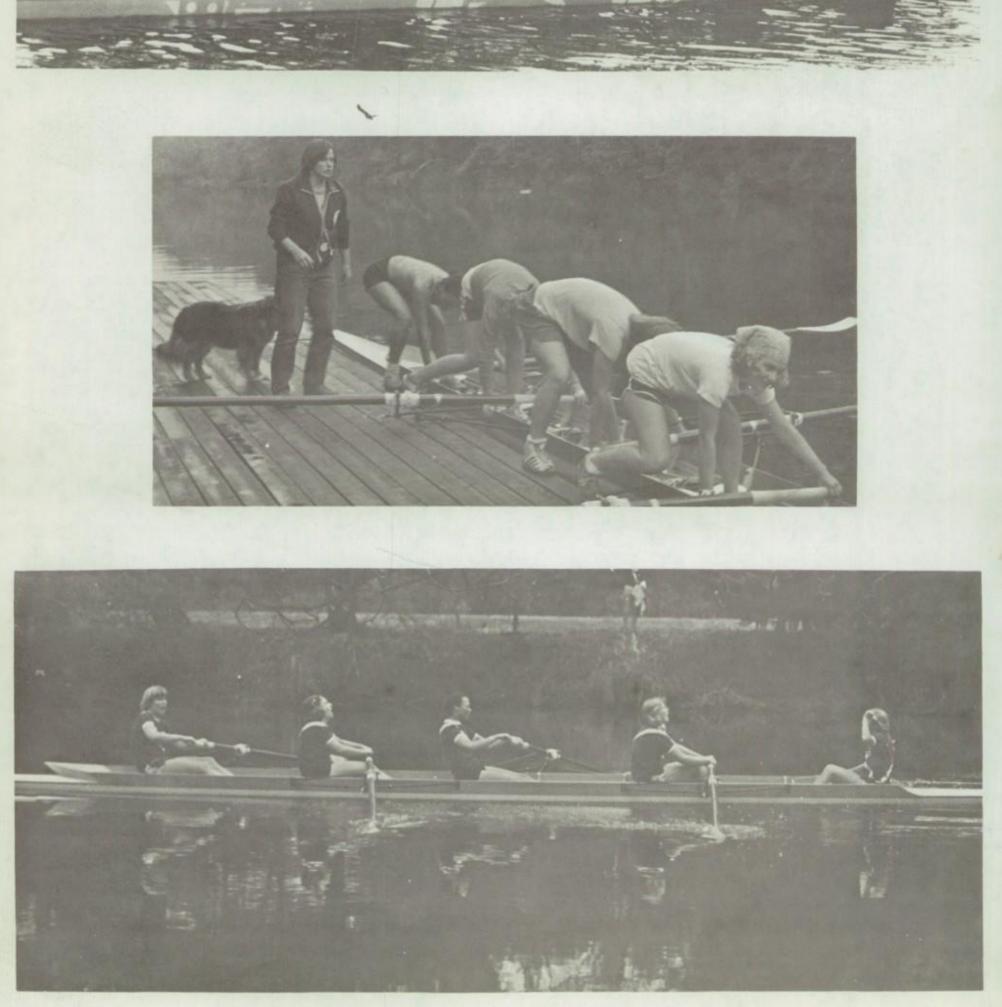












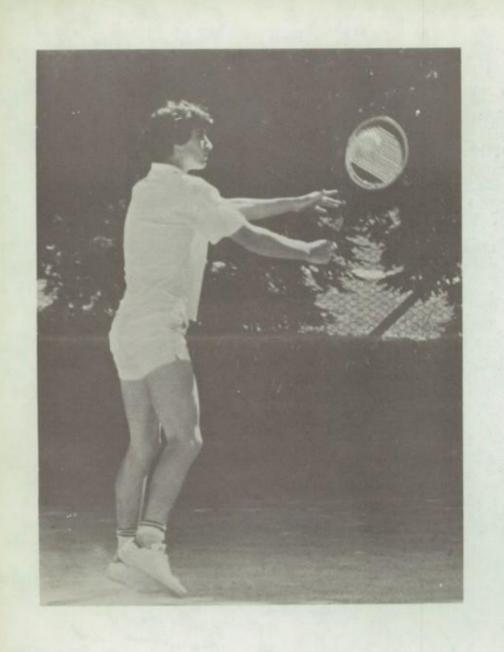


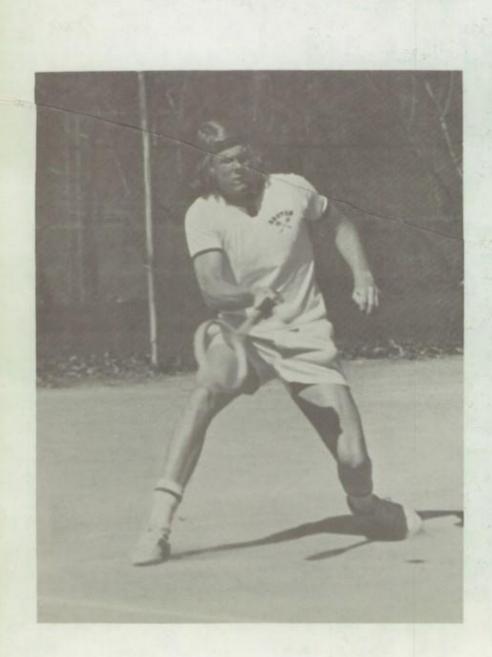




Lloyd, it's been a really great year and it's been real fun. Have a great real fun. Have a great summer and I'll see you next year when you're a sister former!











Lacrosse

Undaunted by the graduation of several starters, the Girls' Varsity Lacrosse team began its 1980 season strongly. Thayer, Middlesex, and Lawrence were easy prey to the skill and experience of co-captain Ann Emmons and Emily Stanley, along with veterans Nicole Piasecki and Sally Townsend. Although B.B. and N. and Concord showed new strength, we were able to subdue them with energy and accuracy. The only real challenge of the early season was Pingree. Our 10-9 upset was a result of oustanding play by all, but especially by Bunny Forbes, who squelched the threat of Pingree's high scorer, and Nicole for her final timely goal with three seconds remaing. Governor Dummer spoiled our winning streak at mid-season and awoke us to the difficulties of the ensuing games. Except for St. Mark's, whom we beat soundly at the jamboree, each game remaining presents a strong challenge. We appear to have the talent, the will, and the maturity to subdue St. Paul's, Nobles and Andover, and we have the intention of finishing the season as strongly as we began.

The 1980 Boys Varsity Lacrosse team has met very stiff competition, which combined with unlucky breaks, a weak offens ive punch, and occasional team let-downs, has lead to a 2-6 record thus far, with only three games to go. The high point thus far was playing Milton Academy, coming from a 4-2 deficit in the second quarter to a 5-4 half-time lead. Milton was undefeated at that time. It was a combination of strong goal tending by Harry Davison, and an excellent defensive effort by Josh Groves, Brad Kulman, Bruce Carvalho, and co-captain Tim Dilworth. Milton came back to win 12-6, but Groton had played an extremely talented lacrosse club.

One other standout player this season has been Willy Gardiner n the goal, who stopped 28 of 36 shots against St' Paul's in an 8-1 loss, and who held Roxbury Latin to just three goals, making 19 saves in yet another loss.

Scoring goals has been the major problem for Groton this season. Strong goal tending by the opposition, and inexperience at midfield haven't given Groton the necessary scoring threat. On the average, only four and a half goals have been scored each game, with Tim Forster and Steve Brown as the leading scorers. With intense concentration on just the fundamentals, and a little luck, we should end the season in a strong fashion.

Tennis

The loss of three fine players by graduation was made easier this year by the arrival of Megan Spurdle, Margaret Rhinelander and Caroline Earle. Cilla Smith and Elliot Davis, a pair of veterans, and Stapley Bullard and captain Emily Knowlton completed our lineup.

After a series of challenge matches and some hard practice, we traveled to Pingree and won a 9-3 victory in an abbreviated match, which proved to be an augury of coming events. Dana Hall also arrived at Groton on a rainy day, and had to return home before the doubles were finished, leaving the score a tie. Middlesex won a very close match on their courts, in which Stapley and Emily played well in singles and doubles, but lost in the latter 7-6,7-6. We won an easy victory over B. B. and N., won a 9-9 tie with Thayer by taking sixteen more games, lost to Nobles 11-9, and trounced Lawrence 15-3. With St. Paul's and a return match with Middlesex ahead, followed by Bancroft and St. Mark's, we need only to split in order to have a winning season. With five of seven players returning for next year, the future also looks bright.

The Boys' tennis team returned from spring vacation facing the difficult prospect of replacing four graduates of last year's very successful team. Returning lettermen Peter Beatty, John Rhinelander, and captain Jim Conzelman provided a strong nucleus, and the first two weeks were devoted to heated competition for the remaining positions. William Rand, Lincoln Mac Veagh, Steve Eyre, Scott Wood-Prince, Ted Wheeler, and Dan Salzman emerged from the competition to form the squad.

The season started out badly when Beatty was incapacitated for two weeks with a sprained ankle. The team showed inexperience in a tie with Rivers, and in its inability to hold on to a lead against St. Paul's. Returning home, we rebounded with a strong 12-6 victory over Governor Dummer. The next match resulted in a disappointing loss to B B and N, as we were able to win only three sets in singles and eventually lost 12-5. That loss helped turn the team around as we recorded successive wins over Brooks, Nobles and St. George's.

With five matches left to play, the team holds high hopes in keeping the current winning streak alive.

Baseball

In 1948, when the Boston Braves were heading for the National League pennant, fans all over the country knew the jingle, "Spahn and Sain and Pray for Rain." Well, Groton certainly had plenty of rain this season, once every three days to be exact. Peter Cook and Pip Blood were not always "stoppers" like Spaha and Sain, but they had some fine moments with Cook subduing Governor Dummer, and Blood taming Brooks and Rivers. Captain Stewart Kim hit over .400 and Emmett O'Donnell stole fifteen bases. Pip Blood lead the team in RBI's and hit a mammoth home run against Belmont Hill. The infield, with James Hicks at first, Sherman Baldwin at second, George Biddle at third, and Fletcher Harper at short, was backed up by Kim in left field, O'Donnell in center, and Mike Curtis in right. Utility players who saw action were David Foster, Jeb Brackbill, and David Strandberg.

The performance of the team has been an enigma. In many mnings we played stellar ball only to wipe out these successes soon afterwards by shoddy play. We practiced certain key defensive plays diligently only to react erringly and maddeningly in critical times in nearly every game. We would then go back to the basics, believing it was the expedient thing to do. Unfortunately, it was not always a panacea, for baseball-played soundly-requires an inordinate amount of time, practice, experience, and above all ability. Groton teams are exposed to many subtleties of the game and earnestly try to master them in the short spring season, but, depending on the talent, some teams fare better than others.

The fortunes of the 1980 team have been uneven so far. Sporting a disappointing 3-5 record as of May 10th, the team has spluttered along in moments of glory and frustrating defeat at the hands of Belmont Hill, B.B. and N. Middlesex, Roxbury Latin, and Milton. But through it all, the loyal band of twelve players, super manager Andy Reyes, and super coaches Jim Waugh and Charlie Alexander, have worked hard and rallied behind each other.

Crew

Returning from spring break in March, the 1980 crew looked primarily towards lower schoolers to fill the vacant seats left by last year's heavy graduation losses. Fartlek workouts, reduced-rest practices, kiwi drills, and miles of paddling were among the devices the young boats underwent in their efforts to produce sparkling crews.

The season opened with emotional victories over St. Mark's for both the A and B boats.

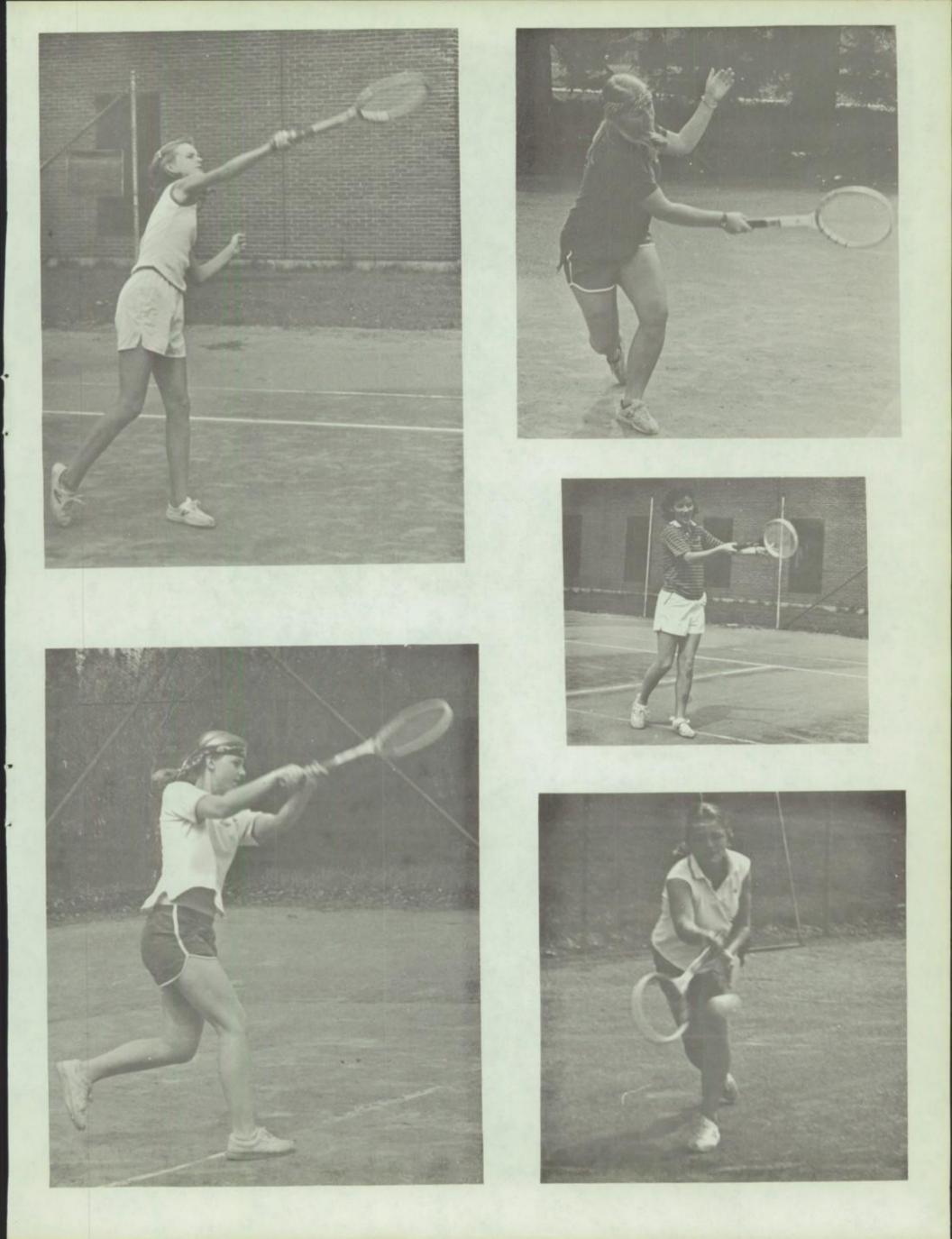
Fast conditions marked the Middlesex races, with A boat posting the third fastest time ever recorded on Middlesex's half mile course in a breathtaking three foot victory. B boat also raced aggressively but was nipped by an effective sprint.

A blustery May day at Brooks gave the crews their first chance to savor the delights of whitecaps. The crews kept their poise and powered through the rough waters, beating their hosts but losing narrowly to Belmont Hill.

With their eyes set on Quinsigamond, all four crews awaited the chance to meet powerful Nobles on the serene waters of our own Amazonian Nashua.

The girls' crew has once again proved itself to be among the best in its league. Bolstered by the addition of a new fiberglass boat and carbon fiber oars, the girls' first boat has rowed to victory over all crews except Middlesex, losing in two close regular season races. The second boat is demonstrating that it is the class of its field, with open water victory margins. All factors point to an exciting finale at Lake Quinsigamond, where the first boat will be seeking a rematch with Middlesex, and the second boat will try to bring the Robert Parker trophy to Groton.

As is the way with each rowing season, this season has been one of hard work, cooperation, personal growth, and team success. The five Sixth Formers who have rowed their last for Groton this year leave a strong legacy for future crews.

























Rear Row:P. Curtis, T. Davis, Bator, S. Ward, C. White, Beaudin, Townsend, Dilworth, Piasecki, Friedrich-Herrmann, Ayer, Faesy, K. Blow, Hamel, Carr, P. Keating, Caperton, Durham, Tr. DeGray, Jaskot, Howlett, G. Keating. First Row:Horan, Rockwell, F. Colloredo-Mansfeld, Manigault, Sampas, LeBoeuf, Ashby, Truax, Pratt, Caruthers, Bell, Carvalho, Thaler, M. Walter, Storey, Randolph, Monts, M. Gerard, Steward, Lee, Wise. Second Row:Odim, Paul, Galloway, Bennett, Chapin, Cox, M. O'Brien, A. Perera, Libby, Wright, A. Alexander, Bingham, Wells, N. Rogerson, Earle, A. Foster, M. Rhinelander, Rich, Sullivan, Al. Reyes, W. Dilworth. Front Row: Coleman, T. Collins, Ju. Hicks, Welch, Spurdle, Bullard, Booth, Jacobson, Steinert, Sharp, Rathborne, Mosle, Esslinger, Bockman, Shaw, An. Reyes. Craig Smith

MADRIGALS



Kear Row: Sampas, Caperton, Truax, Monts.
Middle Row: Carr, P. Keating, Wells, Jacobson, N. Rogerson, Sharp, Sullivan.
Front Row: K. Blow, Durham, Spurdle, Jaskot, Howat.
Missing: Piasecki, Chapin, Beaudin, T.Davis, Esslinger, Rockwell.

IN GRATITUDE



Muffin and Junie O'Brien 1948-1980

Bob and Marlene Nusbaum 1975-1980







